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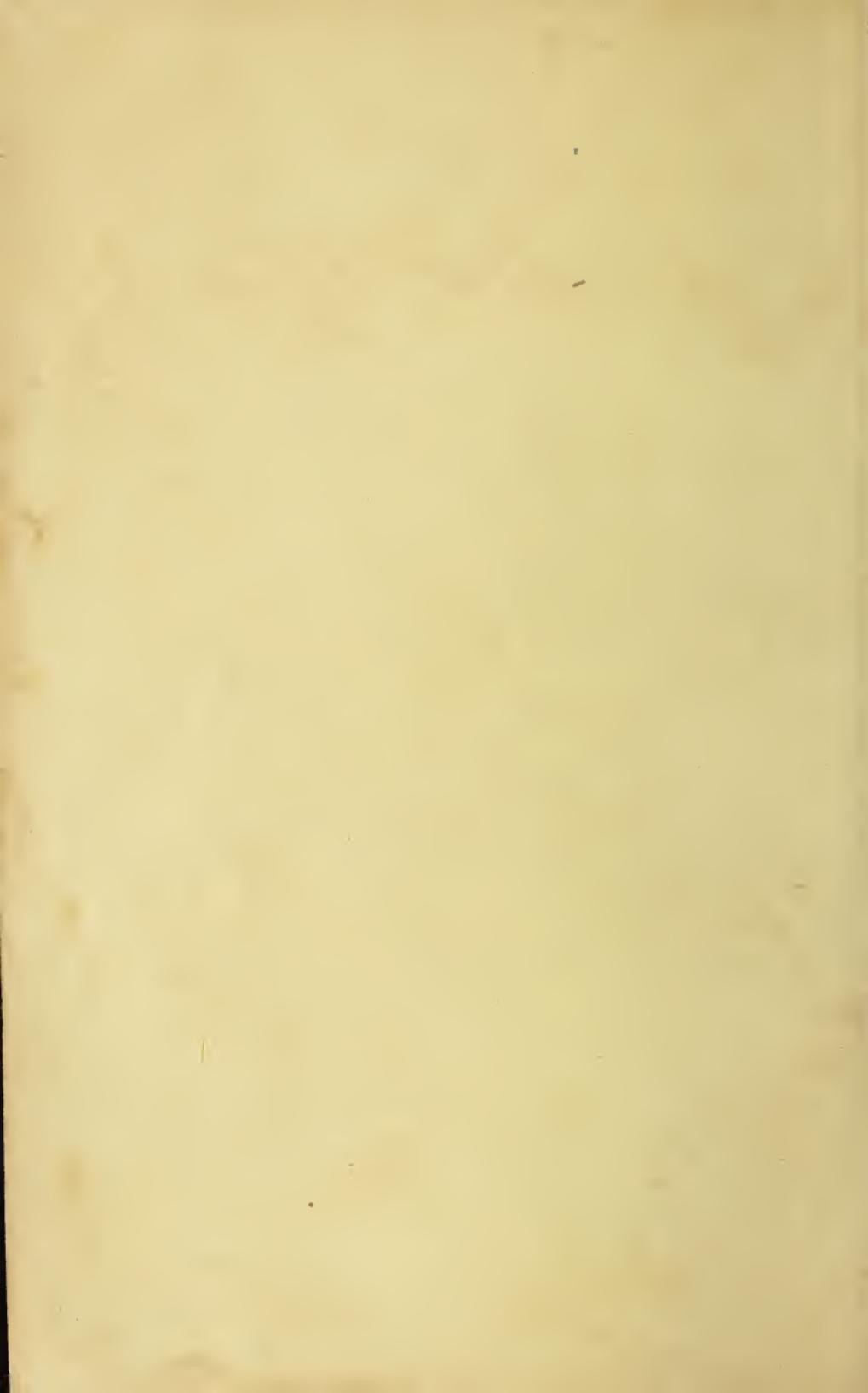
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book

of



Clara Ringel





(Clara Ringel)

HISTORY OF LUCY JACKSON,

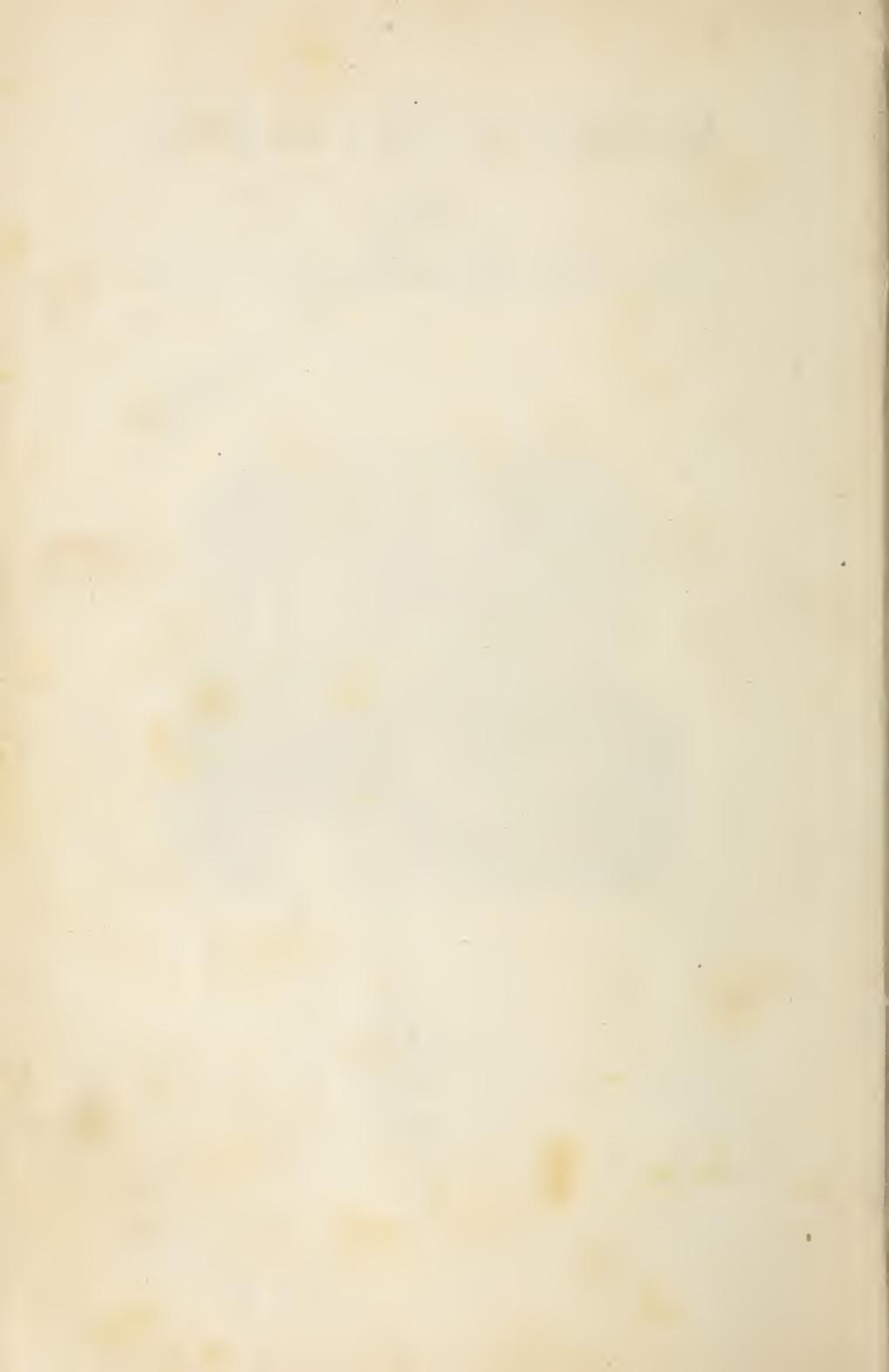
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AND OTHER

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN AND YOUTH.



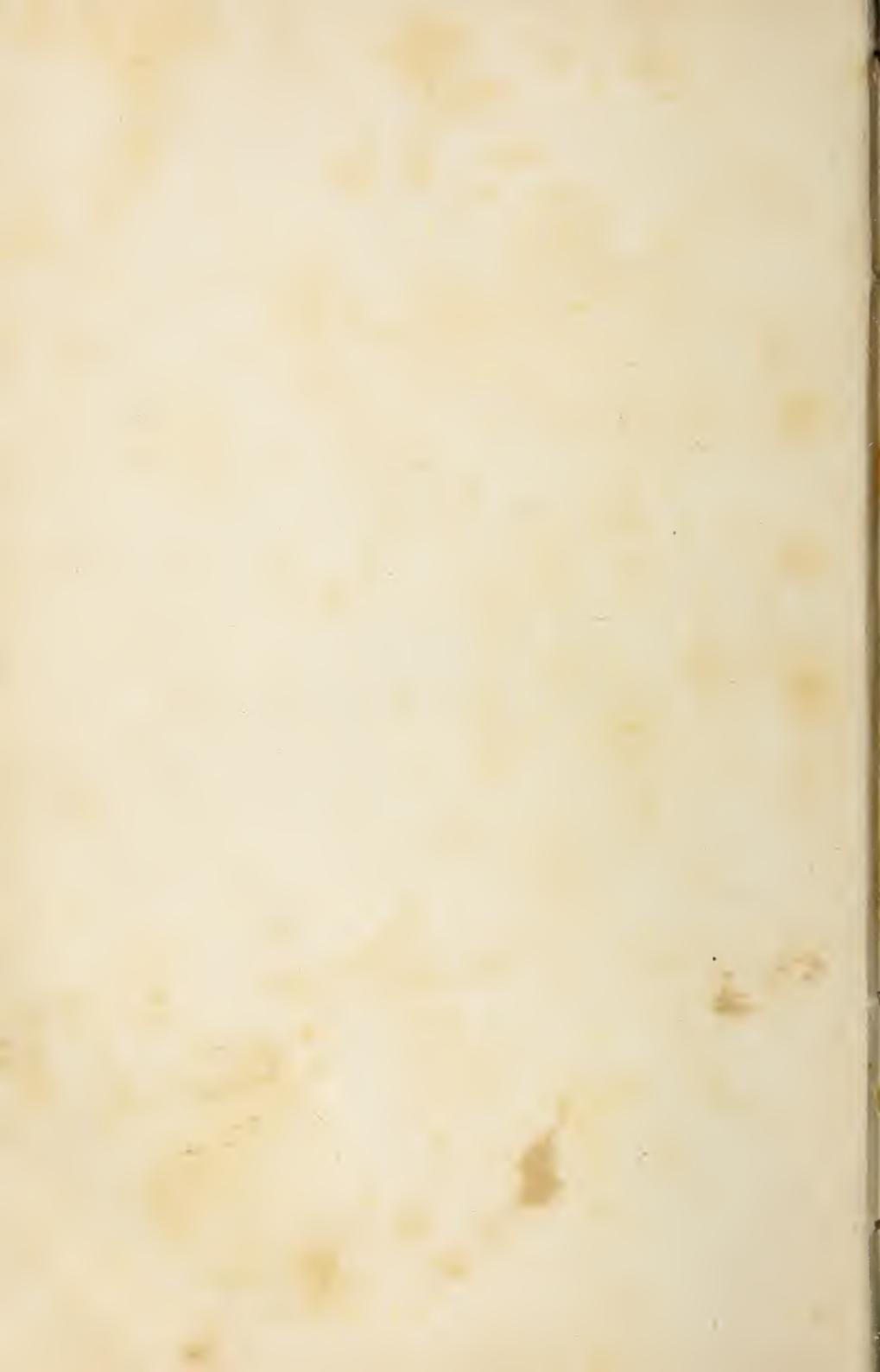
PUBLISHED BY THE
AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY,
150 NASSAU-STREET, NEW YORK.
28 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

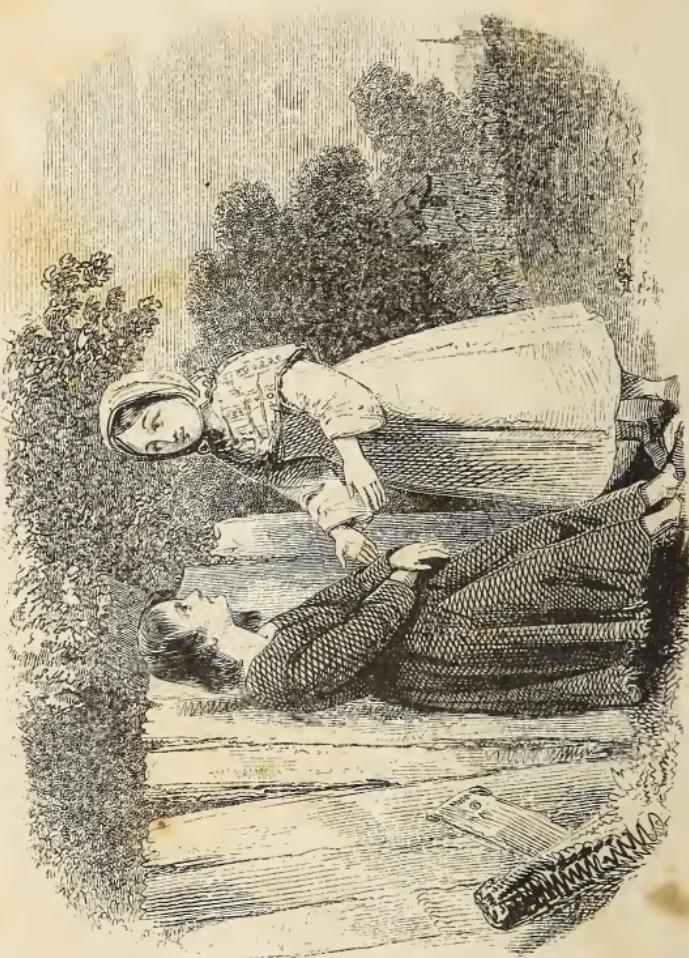


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THE
HISTORY
" "
OF
L U C Y J A C K S O N



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PUBLISHED BY THE
AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY,
150 NASSAU-STREET, NEW YORK.

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Gift,
Eleanor Dickinson
June 17, 1977

LUCY JACKSON.

AT a small village in the south of England lived Mr. North, who was the rector of the place. From the windows of Mr. North's house you may see the churchyard, and a low white building, covered with jessamine, which stands in it. This building was fitted up for the use of the Sabbath-school when Mr. North came to the parish, and a great number of children met there every Sabbath to learn to read God's word, and thus be made "wise unto salvation."

Mr. North and his daughter made it a constant rule to visit the school every Sabbath to hear the children read, to give them lessons, and to distribute occasional rewards to those whose good behavior and attention to learning appeared to deserve it.

One Sabbath evening Miss North brought to the school a parcel of little books on moral and religious subjects, to give to such children as deserved them. Among the good children who received these rewards was Jane Clarke, a little girl whose parents were both dead; but she lived with

her grandmother, who had endeavored to instruct her in the right way.

Jane was very much pleased with a new gilt book that was given her, and thanked Miss North for her kindness. As she was returning home from school, a dirty, ragged girl ran up to her and snatched the book from her hand. This little girl was Lucy Jackson. She was the eldest daughter of a carpenter who lived not far from Jane Clarke. Poor Lucy's parents would scarcely work, or do any thing to maintain their family. Tom Jackson, her father, had scarcely any business; for people did not like to employ a man who spent what he earned at the tavern. He passed almost all his time in idling about; and his wife, discouraged by her husband's sad conduct, gave herself up to idleness and drinking. You may suppose, that Lucy had been quite neglected. She did not know how to read or work; nor was she taught that swearing and lying are heinous sins; for her parents never took any care of her themselves, nor sent her to the Sabbath-school.

Jane begged Lucy Jackson to give her the book again; but Lucy refused to do it. "You are tearing the leaves," said Jane; "what will Miss North say to me if she finds my book torn?"

"I only wanted to look at the pictures," said

Lucy, as she threw the book on the ground.
“There, take your book, for I don’t care about it.”

Jane stooped down to pick up the book, and at the same time shed some tears. Jane did not cry merely because Lucy had torn her book, but because she was so wicked. When Lucy and Jane were very little children they used often to be playfellows, but of late Lucy had become so naughty, that Jane did not care to play with her, though she still loved her; for she thought, that if any body had taken a little trouble with her, and taught her what was right, she might have become a good girl.

“What is the matter, my dear?” said her grandmother to Jane, who continued weeping after she entered her cottage. After Jane had told her all that had happened, her grandmother thus began:

“The best return, my dear child, that you can make to God for his kindness to you in giving you friends to take care of you, and good clothes and food, is to try to be useful to those poor people who are not so well provided for as yourself. It is true, that you have not money to give to others as rich people have, but then you may be useful in another way. It is your duty, and the duty of

every body, whether rich or poor, to do as much good as they can. Poor Lucy Jackson has no kind friends to teach her what is right as you have ; she does not go to the Sabbath-school ; and her parents are very wicked, and teach her to do things which she ought not to do. Now, perhaps, if you were to take some pains with her, and teach her gently and kindly what is right, and try to convince her of the wickedness of lying and stealing, she may mind what you say, and you may, by the help of God, be the means of her becoming a good girl. She is now alone in the cottage, as her parents are both gone out, and have taken the four younger children with them. But, my dear Jane, if Lucy, instead of minding what you say, should begin to talk wickedly, tell her how wrong it is, but do not stay long with her. It is never the duty of any body, much less of so young a person as you are, though you may mean ever so well, to continue in bad company, lest they make you as bad as they are themselves ; for St. Paul says, ‘ Evil communications corrupt good manners.’ ”

Jane, jumping up, said, “ I will go to poor Lucy Jackson, and I will tell her how she may become a good girl, that God may love her, and take her to heaven when she dies.”

"But before you go," said the old woman, "put up your books in the drawer; for you know, my dear Jane, all good children take care of the books and rewards that their teachers are so kind as to give them." Jane did as her grandmother bade her, and then ran out of the cottage to look for Lucy Jackson, whom she found crying as if her heart would break.

"I am sorry to see you crying," said Jane, running up to Lucy; "I wish, indeed, I could give you the book you want; but you know I must not part with the rewards that Miss North is so kind as to give to me; *that* would not be right at all; but I think I know how you could get a book quite as pretty."

"How?" cried Lucy, who still looked very angrily at her.

"Oh, Lucy," said she, "if you would but be a good girl, and go to the Sabbath-school, you would get many books as pretty as mine; and, what is better than that, God would love you, as he does all good people. I know that you have not such good advisers as I have, or many other little girls, who have kind friends to teach them what is right; but yet, if you would make the best of the opportunities you have, you might learn to read the Bible."

"I should be ashamed to go to the Sabbath-school," said Lucy, "for I am as old as you are, and I don't know my letters, and you can read in the Testament."

"Well, then," answered Jane, "though you might go to school even now, as ignorant as you are, yet I will teach you a little; and then you will be more willing to go to Mr. North's school."

"I have no time for learning," said Lucy; "I am forced to nurse my little brother almost all day."

"I am sure you cannot spend your time better than in nursing your little brother," answered Jane; "but I think you may contrive to learn to spell when your brother is asleep. I will come and try to teach you to pray to our heavenly Father, the giver of all good, that he would give you his grace to amend your ways, and to dispose your heart to learn. Do you know that it is said in the Bible by God himself, that all liars will have their portion in a lake burning for ever with fire and brimstone? Mind, you must never take any thing which belongs to another person, nor use naughty words, nor quarrel, nor fight; for if you do these things God will be very angry with you, and punish your soul for ever after your body dies."

"Indeed!" said Lucy, "is this all true? for I never heard of it before."

"I am very sorry your parents have not taught you these things; but I as sure you they are very true."

"What, then, shall I do?" said Lucy, crying; "for I am sure God must be angry with me, for I have often told lies, and stolen other people's things; and I have quarrelled with my playfellows, and called them names."

"If you are sorry for what you have done," said Jane, "and will try to amend your doings, and sincerely pray to God, especially every morning and evening, to assist you by his Holy Spirit, that you may not wilfully disobey his commandments, he is so good and merciful that he has provided a mediator, Jesus Christ our Lord, who died to redeem sinners like you—and through whom you may be forgiven; and when you die he will take your soul to heaven, where you will live with angels, and the spirits of good people made perfect."

"I will try to be a good girl," said Lucy, "and I hope that God will love me. Nobody ever told me so much as you have; and we never go to church to hear Parson North."

"I shall always be glad to teach you what I

know," answered Jane, "and I will pray to God that you may become a good girl. Another day I will come and see you again ; but I cannot stay any longer with you now, for I know my grandmother will want me."

The two girls then parted, and Jane ran home to her grandmother with great joy to tell her of all she said to Lucy.

"God bless you, my dear child," said the old woman, "for your readiness to instruct this poor girl ; and may God bless your instructions to the good of her soul."

Jane then sat down by her grandmother to eat her supper, while the old woman read a chapter out of the Bible, which she always did on an evening, and afterwards she committed their souls and bodies to the care of the blessed God in humble prayer.

As soon on Monday morning as Jane had swept the house and breakfasted, her grandmother gave her the book and her knitting to take to school. Jane set off that morning somewhat earlier than usual, that she might call upon Lucy Jackson, and see how she had taken what had been said the night before.

Jane knocked some time at Lucy's door before it was opened ; at last Lucy came and unlatched

the door ; but she seemed hardly awake, though it was eight o'clock. " Well," said she, " come in, Jane."

" This place is very unlike my grandmother's little cottage," said Jane to herself; " how I pity Lucy, who has such bad parents." The floor looked as if it had not been swept for a month ; every thing was in disorder ; and the three younger children were sprawling upon the ground, and screaming for their breakfast.

" Where is your mother ?" said Jane ; " is she not up yet ?"

" She never gets up very early," answered Lucy ; " so there is nobody but myself to dress the children."

" But I hope you will get up earlier," said Jane ; " for if you do, I can come and teach you the letters and the catechism before she comes down."

" Sometimes I am forced to get up early," said Lucy ; " but if you will come and teach me my catechism, I will gladly get up as soon as you like."

" Indeed, Lucy," said Jane, " if you wish to have God's blessing, and be of some use to your parents, you should always get up early in the morning, and sweep the house, and wash and dress the children, and as your mother comes down so

late, you may get all this done, and offer up a prayer to God, and sometimes learn to spell a few words before she is down ; and then, when you have had your breakfast, you should try to help her in any thing she has to do ; for you are old enough now to do a great many useful things ; so when you have any time, don't waste it in idle play, but try to mend your clothes, or learn your catechism, or even teach any thing that you know to your eldest brother."

" Well, I will try to do these things," said Lucy.

" God will assist you in your endeavors," said Jane, " if you pray to him fervently from the heart, for his help. Have you prayed to him this morning ?"

" Not yet," answered Lucy ; " I don't know how to pray."

" Come; then," said Jane, " we will pray together." So, kneeling down, she bade Lucy repeat the Lord's prayer after her.

" When we are engaged in prayer," said Jane, " we should try to think of God, and not of our household work, or our play ; for you know God not only sees what we are doing, but he can tell what we are thinking of ; and if we think of things we ought not to think of, he will be angry with us.

" I will just repeat to you the prayers which I

have learned by heart ; and when you come to see me, my grandmother will tell you the meaning of every line in them ; for we should not think God accepts or answers a mere set of words, while we are careless about their meaning. This is appearing to draw near to God with our mouths, while our hearts are far from him.

MORNING PRAYER.

“Preserve me, Lord, amidst the crowd,
From every thought that’s vain and proud ;
And raise my wondering mind to see
How good it is to trust in thee :
From all the enemies of thy truth
Do thou, O Lord, preserve my youth ;
And raise my mind from worldly cares,
From youthful sins, and youthful snares.
Lord, though my heart’s as hard as stone,
Let seeds of early grace be sown ;
Still watered by thy heavenly love,
Till they spring up to joys above !”

EVENING PRAYER.

“I go to bed as to my grave,
And pray to God my life to save ;
But should I die before I wake,
I pray to God my soul to take :
Blest Jesus, now to thee I cry,
To grant me mercy ere I die,
To send me light, and grant me grace,
That heaven may be my dwelling-place.”

"They are very pretty," said Lucy, bursting into tears; "but O, will God forgive me my wickedness, and will he indeed hear me when I pray to him?"

"Yes, my dear Lucy," replied Jane, with her heart full of tenderness, "God will hear and forgive you, for the sake of Jesus Christ."

Jane then sat down and taught Lucy the first four letters of her alphabet, and then she left her, for it was time to go to school.

When Jane was gone, Lucy immediately set about sweeping the room, and making it clean, and getting breakfast ready. Indeed, said she to herself, I see it is very easy to be of some use; it is much better to clean the house than to idle about, and quarrel with my brothers and sisters. She then sat down on the step, and while she was washing her little brother, she repeated the four letters to herself; and afterwards she tried to teach them to her eldest brother. This is a very good method, and I wish all boys and girls would follow it. When they have learned any useful thing, if they would teach it to one of their little playfellows, they would remember it a great deal better themselves, and at the same time make themselves very useful to others.

By and by her mother, Mrs. Jackson, came

down stairs. When Lucy saw her she began to be afraid, for she appeared very cross, and soon began to scold her. Indeed, almost all the time that her mother was at breakfast she was finding fault with her on various accounts, for which the poor child was not to blame. Lucy felt almost ready, as usual, to say something unkind to her mother; but she remembered that Jane Clarke had told her that if she would bear her mother's anger with patience, and obey and love God, God would love her, and make her one of his children. She therefore endeavored to bear with meekness all the angry words of her mother, not answering again.

This is certainly the best way; for if you answer people gently who are cross and unkind, they will much sooner get into good-humor than if you continue to provoke them with harsh words; for it is said in the Bible, "A soft answer turneth away wrath;" and I must say for Mrs. Jackson, that she was more kind to Lucy when she found her so mild and so ready to do any thing to assist her.

Whenever Jane called upon her, Lucy always knew her lesson, and she would talk to her about good things; indeed she had become quite another sort of child, and the household things began to look clean and neat. Lucy's father, though he

was an idle, drinking man, was very glad to find his supper ready for him in a clean dish when he came home and I do think that this more encouraged him to work than all the good advice he had received from his neighbors.

One Saturday morning, I think it might be about two months after Lucy had begun to attend to her learning, Jane said to her, "I don't see what is to hinder you from going to the Sabbath-school, now you can read a little; for indeed you might have gone when you did not know one letter from another."

"Oh, if my mother would let me," said Lucy, "how glad I should be; but then who will take care of my little brother when I am away?"

"Let us go to my grandmother," said Jane; "she can tell you best what to do."

When the old woman saw Lucy, and knew that she wanted to go to the Sabbath-school, she said,

"I have heard, my dear child, of your good conduct; I will go myself to your mother, and speak to her about sending you to the Sabbath-school, and beg her to take care of your little brother while you are gone; but first let me look at your gown. Little girls that go to the Sabbath-school should try to make themselves as neat

as they can, and this gown might be mended so as to look much better.”

While the old woman was gone to talk with Mrs. Jackson, Lucy mended her gown. When she came back she said, “Well, Lucy, your mother has consented at last to let you go.” When Lucy heard this she almost cried for joy, and thanked her and Jane many times for their kindness.

“ You deserve every thing I can do for you, Lucy,” said the old lady, “ for the pains you have taken to become a good girl. Now return home, and let your mother see that you are thankful to her for permitting you to go to the Sabbath-school.”

Lucy did as the old lady bade her, and thanked her mother for her kindness, and before she went to bed she remembered also to thank God for the kind friends he had given her.

The next morning she rose at a very early hour, and at eight o’clock called upon Jane Clarke, with whom she was to go to the Sabbath-school. It was a beautiful summer’s morning, and the village bells were ringing cheerfully, and might have brought to one’s mind the exhortation of the apostle Paul: “ Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead ; and Christ shall give thee light.”

When Jane Clarke saw Lucy coming she ran

out, and brought her into her grandmother's cottage.

The old woman, looking kindly at her, said, "My dear Lucy, you have made such good use of the little opportunities you have had of learning, that I have no doubt you will mind all that is said to you at the Sabbath-school. Endeavor to learn all you can. When you have said your lesson, you will go to church with the other children ; but as I am afraid you have not often been there, I will try to explain the nature of the *Sabbath*, and for what purposes we go to the house of the Lord."

Lucy and Jane were silent, and the good woman thus began : " *God is a spirit*, and knows our *thoughts* as perfectly as we know them ourselves ; and therefore, to be acceptable in his sight, 'we must worship him in spirit and in truth.' This *may* be done anywhere, and at any time, by truly Christian people ; and God, the giver of all good, is prayed to, and praised daily, by all who know their own unworthiness and sinfulness, and desire his forgiveness and favor. We meet, however, with so many hinderances while engaged in our lawful callings, that our good and gracious God has commanded us to lay aside worldly cares and labors for one day, at least, in every seven.

The Sabbath was instituted that the poor may rest from their toils, and the rich from their anxieties, and meet together as children of one Father—who ‘maketh poor and maketh rich,’ who bringeth low, and raiseth up—and as seekers of the same common salvation, which is promised to penitent sinners through Jesus Christ our Lord. Public worship, or worship in which many people unite, is as complete a representation of heaven as any thing upon earth can possibly be. It is ordained by Christ, the head of the church, as the means of grace, or the method whereby true worshippers on earth are prepared for the perfection of worship and of happiness in heaven. Remember, therefore, to keep holy the Sabbath-day; for if you keep holy the Sabbath, God the Holy Ghost will sanctify you, and direct your way comfortably through this life to a better.

“In our way to the house of God we should avoid all trifling and foolish discourse. What it may be lawful to converse about on the working-days, may be sinful conversation on the Sabbath; for our Sabbaths ought to be employed on better things—on subjects whereby we may learn to love God more and serve him better. When we enter the church, we should lift up our hearts to God in prayer. It ought to be our desire that God would

make the service profitable to our souls, as our weekly labor has been to our subsistence—that he would enable us to worship him aright by the influence of the Holy Spirit on our hearts—that those things may please him in which we are about to be engaged—that the rest of our lives hereafter may be sincere and holy—and that, at the last, through Christ Jesus, we may come to his eternal kingdom and glory."

When the good woman had ended her discourse, Lucy thanked her for what she had told her, and promised never to forget it. The two children then set out for the school, talking all the way about what they should do there, and of what they had just heard. As soon as they were come to the Sabbath-school room, Jane placed Lucy upon one of the benches where the little boys and girls were sitting.

As soon as Miss North saw Lucy, she said to her, "I am very glad to see you here; I hope that you will come regularly, and not play about on Sabbaths, as you have done." Miss North then asked Lucy if she knew her letters. She was afraid to speak for a minute, but afterwards she told the lady what trouble Jane Clarke had taken to teach her, and how by her persuasion she had come to the Sabbath-school. When Miss North

heard this, she called Jane Clarke to her. "I am very much pleased," said she, "with what I hear of your kindness to this child; I am sure, my dear girl, it will provide you friends in this world, and God's blessing will rest upon you. You see, my little friends," she added, turning to the other children, "that it is in your power, young as you are, to do a great deal of good, and I hope you will all follow the example that Jane Clarke has set you. We cannot begin too early to endeavor to be useful to our fellow-creatures." Miss North then gave a pretty book of stories to Lucy to encourage her. When the children had said their lessons, they walked very orderly and thoughtfully to church.

When the service was over, the children separated and returned home to dinner. Thomas Jackson was very much pleased when his daughter Lucy showed him her new book; for though he was but a bad sort of man himself, he was glad to see any improvement in his daughter's conduct. Lucy went to the Sabbath-school again in the afternoon; and at night, before she lay down in bed, she thanked God for the opportunity he had given her, and which so many poor children had never enjoyed.

On Wednesday morning, Mr. North called at their cottage while Thomas Jackson and his wife

were at breakfast, and Lucy was gone on an errand for her mother. "I am come," said he, as he sat down by the door, "to talk to you about your little girl. My daughter was very much pleased with her coming to the Sabbath-school; but I am afraid she does not owe much of the good she has learned to any pains you have taken with her. Indeed, Thomas," added Mr. North, "to speak plainly to you, I must say that I have seen very much in your conduct which, if you wish well to your family or to your own soul, you must think of amending immediately. You are answerable to God for more than you seem to be aware. It is your duty, at least, to bring up your family in as decent a way as you can—to turn what you can obtain honestly to the best account, and to spend it in your family. You will be answerable at the day of judgment for the use you make of your time, and the words that fall from your lips. This is a serious matter, and I would have you think seriously of it. For any care you have taken with Lucy, she may be an idle, ungodly woman, and die under the wrath of God; and are you sure that your other children may not be inclining to wicked courses, which they may follow through life, and which may lead them to everlasting destruction?"

Thomas laid down his bread and cheese, and looked on the ground, while the tears almost came from his eyes ; but his wife did not seem to care for what Mr. North said. She looked angry, and could scarce hinder herself from telling Mr. North that he had no right to interfere with other people's affairs.

"I have spoken so plainly to you, Thomas," said Mr. North—who saw that the man's mind was softened—"not to make you uneasy, but that you may, in time, repent of your faults, and become a better man. Believe in Christ, and you will not find amendment so difficult as you may think ; and I promise you, that if you love and serve him, and pray for his forgiveness and grace, and endeavor to lead a sober life, I will be your friend ; what is more, God will be your friend, and then his blessing will rest upon you in time and eternity."

Mr. North, turning to Sarah Jackson, added, "What I have said to your husband will not, I hope, be lost upon you. Whatever faults you have, it is as much your duty as it is his, to pray to God to be forgiven ; and remember, Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." The woman made no answer, but turned sullenly away. Thomas followed Mr. North to the door, but could not

speak a word. "Well, Thomas," said Mr. North, "think of what I have said; another day I will call upon you again."

When the minister was gone, Thomas went to his workshop very thankful for the good advice he had received, and resolving in his mind that he would do the best he could, and try to avoid repeating his old faults. Indeed, for some time, when he was by himself, and no bad companions were present to tempt him to evil, he was both diligent and sober. It must be confessed, it is a very hard thing for sinful creatures as we are, when we have formed evil habits, to lay them aside; and for that reason we should be very careful, that in our youth we take the advice of good people, and not fancy, as some young folks foolishly do, that it is time enough to think of doing well when, by bodily infirmities, we are actually unable any longer **to** lead a riotous life.

Thomas as yet did not even try in the best way he could to pray to God in private, that God would keep him by his grace from falling into sin, and enable him to lead a new life; and, for want of asking God's help through Christ, he often neglected what he had learned, and fell into evil. Sometimes he seemed to be very well inclined, and sorry for his past sins; he would resolve never

to go to the tavern again ; and perhaps the next hour one of his old companions would come to entreat him to go with him there ; and he but too readily would consent. Thus he was continually forgetting the good advice Mr. North gave him, and would often return to his evil habits, because he had not courage to bear a laugh from a few of his worthless, drunken companions. After a time, however, he became more sober and serious. I wish I could say his wife regarded what Mr. North said as much as her husband did ; but she was a very bad woman, and had such foolish pride, that she thought it beneath her to be advised by others. When Thomas used to tell her of her faults, she would fly into such a passion, and make use of such words, that it was quite shocking to hear her. Lucy felt very thankful to God for having inclined her father to attend to the concerns of his soul ; and she thought it her duty to do all in her power to lead him to heaven by reading the holy Scriptures to him, as all children should do, when they can. Sometimes, when her mother was scolding, and would not mind what Thomas said to her about the wickedness of her tongue, he also would give way to passion, and threaten, that if he could not be quiet at home, he would go to the tavern, and try to be quiet there. Lucy would

always on these occasions talk to him so dutifully about any good things she knew, that he would presently become pacified, and feel happy that she had prevented his going from home. As he could not read himself, she would in the evening read to him some good book that Miss North had lent her, as a reward for her regular attendance at school. By these means she often kept her father from bad company, and, by the grace of God, put serious thoughts into his mind.

About this time Sarah Jackson was taken very ill, and confined at home. For some time she would not have the doctor sent for. She dreaded to be told her life was in danger, so much was she afraid of any thing that put her in mind of death. At last, about two months after she had become sick, Thomas sent for the doctor. She was now wasted almost to a skeleton, and at times tormented with pain, and was moreover so fierce and impatient, that it was dreadful to see her. When the doctor came, he said "there was no hope, as the woman could not live many days." Thomas then begged Mr. North to come and pray with her; for he wished that his wife might be brought to a sense of her sins, and obtain the forgiveness of God. When Mr. North came, he found her in a most shocking state. Her eyes looked

wild, and cold sweats came over her, and she seemed to have lost her reason. When she appeared composed, Mr. North began to talk to her on the wickedness of her life, and recommended her to pray to God, that, for Christ's sake, he would have mercy upon her never-dying soul, though at almost the last hour of her bodily life. The dying creature could hardly bear to hear him.

"No," she said, "do not talk to me of *repentance*—it is too late—I cannot hope for mercy—I have been a very wicked sinner—I have neglected my family, and taught my children, by my example, to lie and steal and swear and disobey God's commandments; and now, by my own fault, I have brought on myself this dreadful disorder, which will put an end to my wretched life, and, what is more, I fear I shall be miserable for ever. My portion will be among the wicked in hell, and I dare not, I cannot hope for mercy."

Poor Lucy, who was almost always standing by the bedside, when she heard her mother speak in this way, would cry as if her heart would break. "Oh, Lucy," cried the poor woman, "you have no cause for grief; you have early taken the right path, and God will be your friend, and bless you here and in the world to come. May you never

forget the dying state of your wretched mother, and learn from that to flee the ways of wickedness, which end in death eternal."

This unhappy woman soon lost her speech, and seemed determined not to listen to what Mr. North said, but appeared to be in the greatest agony of mind. In that state she remained for some days, and died as if in absolute despair of forgiveness. Whether it was so or not, God only knows.

The shocking death of *his wife*, and the repeated conversations of Mr. North, had, by the grace of God, such an effect upon Thomas, that he ever after abhorred his former evil courses, became diligent and conscientious, and regularly frequented public worship ; and as might be expected, was a very industrious man through the latter part of his life.

I am sorry, however, to say, that Jackson's former habits of sottishness were supposed to have been the cause of the bad state of health which he often experienced. This was a hard trial for Lucy. Through his frequent illness, her father's labor was not enough to maintain a whole family ; so she tried, with the help of her two eldest brothers, who were stout, hearty boys, to obtain a little work of various kinds from the people of the village. Very diligent indeed they were ; and with

what their father could occasionally do, they kept themselves decent and comfortable. An honest, industrious person, though he may be in a state of poverty, need never despair; for he may be sure God has sent *that* trial upon him for the good of his soul, and that he will deliver him out of his distress in the best time and way. Thus it was with Thomas and his family. They did as much as they could; and then they knew they might trust to God for the rest.

Lucy, young as she was, was much respected throughout the village, and her dutiful and kind behavior to her father was not overlooked by the neighbors. It was a pleasing sight to see Thomas and his family sitting together in an evening, and Lucy, who, with God's blessing, had been the means of all the good in the house, diligent at her work, while one of the younger children was reading a chapter of the Bible, or a portion of some religious book which was lent them. The father, when ill health prevented his going out, used to say, that he never was so happy as when he was listening to one of his children while reading a good book to him, or when he was giving them any seasonable advice. He considered it as a particular blessing, that God had put his children in the way of obtaining religious learning, as he,

poor man, had often pursued very evil courses from not knowing how to read his Bible, or to find happiness at home.

It need only be added, that Jane Clarke, by whose first instructions so happy a change had been produced in Jackson's family, dutifully attended upon her good grandmother, who had become blind through age, and had bequeathed to Jane the freehold cottage in which they lived. After the death of this good woman, Jane was married to a respectable man, became a teacher at the Sabbath-school, and continued to be beloved by all who knew her.

H Y M N S
FOR
CHILDREN AND YOUTH.



—10—

PUBLISHED BY THE
AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY,
150 NASSAU-STREET, NEW YORK.

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HYMNS

FOR
CHILDREN AND YOUTH.



1. EXCELLENCY OF THE BIBLE. 7's.

- 1 HOLY Bible, book divine;
Precious treasure, thou art mine;
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am :
- 2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou, to guide my feet,
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit :
- 3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless ;
Mine, to shew by living faith,
Man can triumph over death :
- 4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom :
O thou precious book divine ;
Precious treasure, thou art mine !



2. GOD INFINITE AND ETERNAL. C. M.

1 GREAT God, how infinite art thou;
What worthless worms are we!

Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made:
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Nature and time quite naked lie
To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky
To the great burning day.

4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view:
To thee there's nothing old appears;
To thee there's nothing new.

5 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares;
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

6 Great God, how infinite art thou;
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

3. THANKSGIVING FOR HEALTH. S. M.

1 HOW gracious is my God,
Who gives me more than wealth,
And more than mortals could bestow,
The precious gift of health.

2 That health I would devote
To spread his praise abroad,
And would my youthful hours employ
To love and serve my God.

3 How many children lie
On beds of grief and pain;
They hope and wait for health and ease,
But hope and wait in vain.

4 Oh, may I ne'er forget
My God so good and kind,
But serve him with my every power
Of body and of mind.

4. BLESSINGS OF PROVIDENCE. C. M.

1 Lord, I would own thy tender care,
And all thy love to me;
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
Are all bestowed by thee.

2 'Tis thou preservest me from death
And dangers, every hour;
I cannot draw another breath,
Unless thou give the power.

3 My health and friends, and parents dear,
To me by God are given;
I have not any blessing here,
But what is sent from heaven.

4 Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,
A child can ne'er repay;
But may it be my daily prayer,
To love thee and obey.

5. UNIVERSAL PRAISE. L. M.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

6. LORD'S DAY MORNING. C. M.

- 1 THIS is the day when Christ arose
So early from the dead ;
Why should I keep my eye'lids closed,
And waste my hours in bed ?
- 2 This is the day when Jesus broke
The power of death and hell ;
And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
And love my sins so well ?
- 3 To-day with pleasure Christians meet
To pray and hear the word :
And I will go with cheerful feet
To learn thy will, O Lord.
- 4 I'll leave my sport, to read and pray,
And so prepare for heaven ;
O may I love this blessed day,
The best of all the seven.

7. ATTENDING PUBLIC WORSHIP. L. M.

- 1 WHEN to the house of God we go,
To hear his word and sing his love,
We ought to worship him below
As saints and angels do above :
- 2 For God is present everywhere,
And watches all our thoughts and ways
He marks who humbly join in prayer,
And who sincerely sing his praise.
- 3 The triflers too his eye can see,
Who only seem to take a part ;
They move the lip and bend the knee,
But do not seek him with their heart.
- 4 O may we never trifle so,
Nor lose the days our God has given ;
But learn, by Sabbaths here below,
To spend eternity in heaven.

8. THE BIRTH OF CHRIST. S. M.

- 1 HOW blessed was the day
When Christ appeared on earth ;
Angels and men together join
To hail the Saviour's birth.
- 2 How kind that he became
A little child like me ;
A child of poor and lowly name
The Saviour deigned to be.
- 3 The stable was his room,
The manger was his bed ;
The birthplace of the King of kings
Was where the oxen fed.
- 4 Hail, gracious heavenly Prince !
To thee let children fly ;
And on thy kindest providence
O may we all rely.

9. CHRIST'S CONDESCENSION. C. M.

- 1 JESUS was once despised and low,
A stranger, and distressed ;
Without a home to which to go,
Or pillow where to rest :
- 2 Once he was bound with prickly thorns,
And scoffed at in his pain ;
Now a bright crown his head adorns,
And he is King again.
- 3 But what a condescending King !
Who, though he reigns so high,
Is pleased when little children sing,
And listens to their cry.
- 4 He sees them from his heavenly throne,
He watches all their ways,
And stoops to notice for his own
The youngest child that prays.

10. NOT ASHAMED OF CHRIST. L. M.

- 1 JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee ?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days ?
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus ! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star ;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus ! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon ;
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
Bright Morning-Star, bids darkness flee.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend !
No ; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus ! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then, nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I'll boast a Saviour slain :
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

11. CHRIST THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND. C. M.

- 1 THOU Guardian of our youthful days,
To thee our prayers ascend :
To thee we'll tune our songs of praise ;
Thou art "the children's Friend."
- 2 From thee our daily mercies flow,
Our life and health descend :
O save our souls from sin and woe,
Jesus, "the children's Friend."

- 3 Teach us to prize thy holy word,
 And to its truths attend ;
 Thus shall we learn to fear the Lord,
 And love "the children's Friend."
- 4 Lord, draw our youthful hearts to thee,
 From every ill defend ;
 Help us in early life to flee
 To thee, "the children's Friend."
- 5 O may we taste of Jesus' love,
 To him our souls commend ;
 For Jesus left the realms above,
 To be "the children's Friend."
- 6 Let all our hopes be fixed on high,
 And when our lives shall end,
 Then may we live above the sky
 With thee, "the children's Friend."

12. LOVE OF CHRIST. S. M.

- 1 GLORY to God on high,
 Let peace on earth abound ;
 Ye angels shout through all the sky,
 And men repeat the sound.
- 2 Jesus appeared on earth,
 Not as a prince or king ;
 He came a child of humble birth,
 Good-will and peace to bring.
- 3 The young received his love,
 His blessing and his care ;
 And now he reigns supreme above,
 May we that blessing share.
- 4 This day may he impart
 The riches of his grace,
 That we may now, with broken heart,
 In earnest seek his face.

5 Thus may the young begin
 To love the ways of truth ;
 To shun the slippery paths of sin,
 And walk with God in youth.

13. WORTHY THE LAMB. C. M.

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
 With angels round the throne ;
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
 "To be exalted thus :
 "Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
 "For he was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honor and power divine ;
 And blessings more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
 And air and earth and seas,
 Conspire to lift thy glories high,
 And speak thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred name
 Of Him that sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

14. THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM. L. M.

- 1 WHEN, marshalled on the nightly plain,
 The glittering host bestud the sky,
 One star alone of all the train
 Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
- 2 Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks
 From every host, from every gem ;
 But one alone the Saviour speaks,
 It is the Star of Bethlehem.

- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode ;
 The storm was loud—the night was dark--
 The ocean yawned—and rudely blowed
 The wind that tossed my foundering bark
- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem ;
 When suddenly a star arose,
 It was the Star of Bethlehem.
- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all,
 It made my dark forebodings cease ;
 And through the storm and danger's thrall,
 It led me to the port of peace.
- 6 Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
 For ever, and for evermore,
 The Star, the Star of Bethlehem.

15. THE BLOOD OF CHRIST. C. M.

- 1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day ;
 And there would I, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed church of God
 Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 Ere since by faith I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy power to save;
 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

16. CRUCIFIXION OF CHRIST. 7's.

- 1 LO, at noon 'tis sudden night!
 Darkness covers all the sky!
 Rocks are rending at the sight!
 Children, can you tell me why?
 What can all these wonders be?
 Jesus dies at Calvary!
- 2 Nailed upon the cross, behold
 How his tender limbs are torn!
 For a royal crown of gold,
 They have made him one of thorn:
 Cruel hands, that dare to bind
 Thorns upon a brow so kind!
- 3 See, the blood is falling fast
 From his forehead and his side!
 Hark! he now has breathed his last!
 With a mighty groan he died!
 Children, shall I tell you why
 Jesus condescends to die?
- 4 You were wretched, weak, and vile;
 You deserved his holy frown:
 But he saw you with a smile,
 And to save you hastened down:
 Listen, children—this is why
 Jesus condescends to die.

17. RESURRECTION OF CHRIST. 7's.

- 1 CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day!
 Sons of men and angels say;
 Raise your joys and triumphs high:
 Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

- 2 Love's redeeming work is done ;
 Fought the fight, the battle won :
 Lo, the sun's eclipse is o'er,
 Lo, he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
 Christ has burst the gates of hell :
 Death in vain forbids his rise ;
 Christ has opened Paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King !
 “Where, O Death, is now thy sting ?”
 Once he died our souls to save ;
 “Where's thy victory, boasting grave ?”

18. GRATITUDE TO CHRIST. 7's.

- 1 COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;
 Streains of mercy never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.
- 2 Teach me some melodious measure,
 Sung by raptured saints above ;
 Fill my heart with sacred pleasure
 While I sing redeeming love.
- 3 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God ;
 He to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.
- 4 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be ;
 Let that grace now, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to thee.

19. DANGER OF DELAY IN RELIGION. C. M.

- 1 'TIS but a short uncertain space
 Allowed us here to live :
 Death, unperceived, comes on apace,
 And may no warning give.

- 2 Nor great, nor small, nor old, nor young,
 His fatal dart can fly ;
 The rich, the poor, the weak, the strong,
 Without distinction die.
- 3 This day, for any thing we know,
 May prove to be our last ;
 For death may strike the fatal blow,
 Ere the next hour be past.
- 4 And shall we trifle and delay,
 And still keep sinning on ;
 Neglect ourselves from day to-day,
 Till life and time are gone ?
- 5 The present moment let us seize,
 For this alone is ours ;
 Now set ourselves our God to please,
 With all our active powers.
- 6 To-day, while it is called to-day,
 Let us regard this truth ;
 Since danger must attend delay,
 To every thoughtless youth.

20. DANGER OF DELAY. L. M.

- 1 HASTEN, O sinner, to be wise,
 And stay not for the morrow's sun ;
 The longer wisdom you despise,
 The harder is she to be won.
- 2 O hasten, mercy to implore,
 And stay not for the morrow's sun ;
 For fear thy season should be o'er,
 Before this evening's stage be run.
- 3 O hasten, sinner, to return,
 And stay not for the morrow's sun ;
 For fear thy lamp should cease to burn
 Before the needful work is done.

- 4 O hasten, sinner, to be blest,
 And stay not for the morrow's sun ;
 For fear the curse should thee arrest,
 Before the morrow is begun.
- 5 O Lord, do thou the sinner turn ;
 Now rouse him from his senseless state ;
 Oh, let him not thy counsel spurn,
 Nor rue his fatal choice too late.

21. ALARM. P. M.

- 1 STOP, poor sinner, stop and think,
 Before you further go ;
 Will you sport upon the brink
 Of everlasting woe ?
 Once again, I charge you, stop !
 For unless you warning take,
 Ere you are aware, you drop
 Into the burning lake !
- 2 Say, have you an arm like God,
 That you his will oppose ?
 Fear not you that iron rod
 With which he breaks his foes ?
 Can you stand in that dread day,
 When he judgment shall proclaim,
 And the earth shall melt away,
 Like wax before the flame ?
- 3 Pale-faced Death will quickly come
 To drag you to his bar ;
 Then to hear your awful doom
 Will fill you with despair :
 All your sins will round you crowd,
 Sins of a blood-crimson dye,
 Each for vengeance crying loud,
 And what can you reply ?
- 4 Though your heart be made of steel,
 Your forehead lined with brass,
 God at length will make you feel,
 He will not let you pass :

Sinners then in vain will call,
 Though they now despise his grace—
 “Rocks and mountains on us fall,
 And hide us from his face.”

22. THE PLEASURES OF RELIGION. 7's.

- 1 'TIS religion that can give
 Sweetest pleasures while we live ;
 'Tis religion must supply
 Solid comforts when we die.
- 2 After death its joys shall be
 Lasting as eternity :
 Be the living God my friend,
 Then my bliss shall never end.

23. COME TO CHRIST. 8, 7, 4.

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of mercy, joined with power :
 He is able,
 He is willing : doubt no more.
- 2 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
 Lost and ruined by the fall ;
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all.
 Not the righteous,
 Sinners Jesus came to call.
- 3 View him prostrate in the garden ;
 On the ground your Saviour lies !
 On the bloody tree behold him :
 Hear him cry before he dies,
 “It is finished !”
 Sinner, will not this suffice ?
- 4 Lo, the incarnate God ascended,
 Pleads the merit of his blood :

Venture on him, venture wholly,
 Let no other trust intrude ;
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.

24. THE LITTLE PILGRIM. C. M.

- 1 THERE is a path that leads to God,
 All others go astray ;
 Narrow, but pleasant, is the road,
 And Christians love the way.
- 2 It leads straight through this world of sin,
 And dangers must be past ;
 But those who boldly walk therein,
 Will come to heaven at last.
- 3 How shall an infant pilgrim dare
 This dangerous path to tread ;
 For on the way is many a snare
 For youthful travellers spread ;
- 4 While the broad road, where thousands go,
 Lies near, and opens fair ;
 And many turn aside, I know,
 To walk with sinners there ?
- 5 But lest my feeble steps should slide,
 Or wander from thy way,
 Lord, condescend to be my guide,
 And I shall never stray.

25. CHILDREN ENCOURAGED TO SEEK THE LORD. C. M.

- 1 SHALL I presume to venture near
 A God so just and true ?
 Or, sinful as I am, appear
 Before his piercing view ?
- 2 How oft I grieve his holy eye,
 And break his righteous law,
 And think some thought of vanity
 With every breath I draw.

3 Yet, Lord, a sinful child may turn
 To wisdom's pleasant ways;
 For Jesus' sake, thou wilt not spurn
 My feeble prayer and praise.

4 He died, that sinners such as I
 May have their sins forgiven;
 He died, that sinners when they die,
 May live with him in heaven.

5 It is for this I come to pray,
 And on his grace depend,
 That even at the judgment-day
 The Lord may be my friend.

26. AGAINST WANDERING THOUGHTS. C. M.

1 When daily I kneel down to pray
 As I am taught to do,
 God does not care for what I say,
 Unless I *feel* it too.

2 Yet foolish thoughts my heart beguile.
 And when I pray or sing,
 I'm often thinking all the while,
 About some other thing.

3 Some idle play or childish toy,
 Can send my thoughts abroad;
 Though this should be my greatest joy,
 To love and seek the Lord.

4 Oh, let me never, never dare
 To act the trifler's part;
 Or think that God will hear a prayer
 That comes not from my heart;

5 But if I make His ways my choice,
 As pious children do,
 Then, while I seek him with my voice,
 My heart will love him too.

27. FOR A CHILD THAT FEELS IT HAS A WICKED HEART. C. M.

- 1 WHAT is there, Lord, a child can do,
Who feels with guilt opprest?
There's evil, that I never knew
Before, within my breast.
- 2 My thoughts are vain; my heart is hard;
My temper apt to rise;
And when I seem upon my guard,
It takes me by surprise.
- 3 Often when I begin to pray,
And lift my feeble cry,
Some thought of folly or of play,
Prevents me when I try.
- 4 On many Sabbaths, though I've heard
Of Jesus and of heaven,
I've scarcely listened to thy word,
Or prayed to be forgiven.
- 5 O look with pity in thine eye
Upon a heart so hard:
Thou wilt not slight a feeble cry,
Or show it no regard.
- 6 The work I cannot undertake,
I leave to thee alone;
And pray thee, for thy mercy's sake,
To change this heart of stone.

28. A CHILD'S CONFESSION AND PRAYER. C. M.

- 1 A SINNER, Lord, behold I stand,
In thought and word and deed;
But Jesus sits at thy right hand,
For such to intercede.
- 2 From early infancy, I know,
A rebel I have been;
And daily, as I older grow,
I fear I grow in sin.

- 3 But God can change this evil heart,
 And give a holy mind ;
 And his own heavenly grace impart,
 Which those who seek shall find.
- 4 Then let me all my sins confess,
 And pardoning grace implore ;
 That I may love my follies less,
 And love my Saviour more.

29. FOR A CHILD THAT IS SORRY FOR A FAULT. L. M

- 1 LORD, I have dared to disobey
 My friends on earth, and thee in heaven ;
 O help me now to come and pray,
 For Jesus' sake, to be forgiven.
- 2 I cannot say I did not know,
 For I've been taught thy holy will,
 And while my conscience told me so,
 And bade me stop, I did it still.
- 3 But thou wast there to see my crime,
 And write it in thy judgment-book ;
 O make me fear, another time,
 A sinful thought, or word, or look.
- 4 Forgive me, Lord, forgive, I pray,
 This wicked thing that I have done ;
 And take my sinful heart away,
 And make me holy like thy Son.

30. THE SOUL CAN NEVER DIE. S. M.

- 1 TO thee I look, O Lord,
 Oh hear my early cry,
 And on my memory this record,
 “ The soul can never die.”
- 2 Each day, in all I do,
 May I sincerely try
 This solemn thought to keep in view
 “ The soul can never die.”

- 3 May I the Sabbath keep,
And fear to tell a lie:
And always think, before I sleep,
"The soul can never die."
- 4 If some so wicked are,
From thoughts like this to fly,
They, though too late, the truth must hear,
"The soul can never die."
- 5 May I on earth be blest
Beneath thy gracious eye,
My soul then in thy presence rest,
Where it shall never die.

31. EARLY DEVOTION TO GOD. S. M.

- 1 WITH humble heart and tongue,
Great God, to thee I pray;
O may I learn, while I am young,
To walk in wisdom's way.
- 2 Now, in my early days,
Teach me thyself to know;
O God, thy sanctifying grace
Betimes on me bestow.
- 3 My heart, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite it to thyself alone,
And make me wholly thine.
- 4 Make my defenceless youth
The object of thy care;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And flee from every snare.
- 5 O let thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ;
Be this, through all my following days,
My treasure and my joy.

32. LORD, REMEMBER ME. C. M.

- 1 SOON as my youthful lips can speak
Their feeble prayer to thee,
O let my heart thy favor seek;
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 2 In all life's following years, my tongue
Tuned to thy praise shall be;
And this th' expressive, humble song,
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 3 From every sin that wounds the heart,
May I be taught to flee;
Oh, bid them all from me depart;
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 4 When with life's heavy load opprest,
I bend the trembling knee,
Then give my suffering spirit rest;
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 5 O let me, on the bed of death,
Thy great salvation see;
And cry with my expiring breath,
Dear Lord, remember me.

33. BREATHING AFTER HOLINESS. 7's.

- 1 JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
Meek and humble may we be;
Pride and anger put away,
Make us holy day by day.
- 2 May we hate a lying tongue,
Never seek another's wrong;
From all paths of fraud abstain,
Leading to eternal pain.
- 3 Teach us for our friends to pray,
And our parents to obey;
Richest blessings from above,
Give them for their tender love.

- 4 May we find the sweets of prayer
 Sweeter than our pastimes are ;
 Love the Sabbath, and the place
 Where we learn to seek thy face.
- 5 Cleanse our hearts, our sins forgive,
 Form us new, that we may live—
 Live to love thee, live to rise
 To thy temple in the skies.

34. PRAYER FOR THE HOLY SPIRIT. 7's.

- 1 GRACIOUS Spirit, love divine,
 Let thy light within me shine ;
 All my guilty fears remove ;
 Fill me full of heavenly love.
- 2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me ;
 Set the burdened sinner free ;
 Lead me to the Lamb of God ;
 Wash me in his precious blood.
- 3 Life and peace to me impart ;
 Seal salvation on my heart ;
 Enter thou within my breast—
 Earnest of immortal rest.
- 4 Let me never from thee stray ;
 Keep me in the narrow way ;
 Fill my soul with joy divine ;
 Keep me, Lord, for ever thine.

35. YOUTH'S PRAYER FOR SABBATH MORNING. C. M.

- 1 LORD of the Sabbath, I rejoice
 Thy holy day to see ;
 May I, assisted by thy grace,
 Begin this week with thee.
- 2 I go this day to hear thy word,
 To sing, to pray, and praise ;
 To learn of thee, my gracious Lord,
 Religion's pleasant ways.

- 3 O may the Holy Spirit bless
 These sacred means of grace ;
 That I may learn thy righteousness,
 And seek in youth thy face.
- 4 Creation on this day began—
 This holy morn was blest,
 When Christ, who died for sinful man,
 Ascended to his rest.
- 5 There, though he reigns exalted high,
 The young he deigns to see ;
 He hears the contrite sinner's sigh,
 And stoops to notice me.

36. ENCOURAGEMENT TO PRAYER. 7's.

- 1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
 Jesus loves to answer prayer ;
 He himself has bid thee pray,
 Therefore will not say thee nay.
- 2 Thou art coming to a King,
 Large petitions with thee bring ;
 For his grace and power are such,
 None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin—
 Lord, remove this load of sin ;
 Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
 Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord, I come to thee for rest,
 Take possession of my breast ;
 There thy blood-bought right maintain,
 And without a rival reign.
- 5 Show me what I have to do,
 Every hour my strength renew,
 Let me live a life of faith,
 Let me die thy people's death.

37. PRAYER FOR ASSISTANCE IN LEARNING. C. M.

- 1 GOD, "only wise," to thee I look;
On me thy grace bestow,
To read and understand my book,
That I may wiser grow.
- 2 O may I love thy word of truth,
And all my lessons learn;
Because these precious days of youth
Will never more return.
- 3 Give me an humble, active mind,
From sloth and folly free;
Give me a cheerful heart, inclined
To truth and piety.
- 4 A faithful memory bestow,
With useful learning store;
And still, O Lord, as more I know,
May I obey thee more.
- 5 May I things excellent discern,
Hold fast what I approve;
And more than all, delight to learn
The lessons of thy love.

38. YOUTH'S MORNING PRAYER. 7's

- 1 NOW the morning's cheerful light
Drives away the gloom of night;
Rise, my soul, in praises rise,
Far above the lofty skies.
- 2 Keep me, gracious God, this day,
Dangers press around my way;
Every sinful passion quell,
Let no secret thought rebel.
- 3 Let no sin an entrance find,
To pollute my youthful mind;
Guard my soul from every snare,
Keep me with almighty care.

- 4 Whither shall a sinner fly
 When temptation hovers nigh ?
 Unto Jesus Christ alone—
 He the tempter's power has known.
- 5 Feeling weakness, I would rest
 On my Saviour's tender breast ;
 May his wisdom, grace, and truth,
 Guide me through the snares of youth.

39. YOUTH'S EVENING PRAYER. 7's.

- 1 FOR the mercies of this day,
 Thanks to thee, my God, I pay ;
 Now, as I retire to rest,
 Let my soul by thee be blest.
- 2 Through each dark and silent hour,
 Oh preserve me by thy power ;
 Keep me safe from every fear,
 Thankful that my God is near.
- 3 Let the sins which I have done
 All be pardoned through thy Son ;
 From whose dying sacrifice
 All my hopes and joys arise.
- 4 Saviour, I my soul resign,
 To those piercéd hands of thine,
 Which shall keep my sleeping breath,
 Which shall guard my sleep in death.
- 5 In the morning let me wake,
 Of thy goodness to partake ;
 Or, if I am called to die,
 Raise me to thy throne on high.

40. EARLY WILL I SEEK THEE. C. M.

- 1 NOW that my journey's just begun,
 My road so little trod,
 I'll come before I further run,
 And give myself to God.

- 2 What sorrows may my steps attend
 I never can foretell ;
 But if the Lord will be my friend,
 I know that all is well.
- 3 If all my earthly friends should die,
 And leave me mourning here,
 Since God can hear the orphan's cry,
 O what have I to fear ?
- 4 If I am poor, he can supply
 Who *has* my table spread ;
 Who feeds the ravens when they cry,
 And fills his poor with bread.
- 5 If I am rich, he'll guard my heart,
 Temptation to withstand ;
 And make me willing to impart
 The bounties of his hand.
- 6 But, Lord, whatever grief or ill,
 For me may be in store,
 Make me submissive to thy will,
 And I would ask no more.

41. THE SUCCESSFUL RESOLVE. C. M.

- 1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
 A thousand thoughts revolve ;
 Come, with your guilt and fear opprest,
 And make this just resolve :
- 2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
 Hath like a mountain rose ;
 I know his courts, I'll enter in,
 Whatever may oppose.
- 3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
 And there my guilt confess ;
 I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
 Without his sovereign grace.

- 4 "I'll to the gracious King approach,
 Whose sceptre pardon gives;
 Perhaps he may command my touch,
 And then the suppliant lives.
- 5 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
 Perhaps will hear my prayer;
 But if I perish, I will pray,
 And perish only there.
- 6 "I can but perish if I go;
 I am resolved to try;
 For if I stay away, I know
 I must for ever die."

42. THE SWIFTNESS OF TIME. C. M.

- 1 SWIFT as the wingéd arrow flies,
 My time is hastening on;
 Quick as the lightning from the skies,
 My wasting moments run.
- 2 My follies past, O God, forgive;
 My every sin subdue;
 And teach me henceforth how to live,
 With glory in my view.
- 3 'Twere better I had not been born
 Than live without thy fear;
 For they are wretched and forlorn
 Who have their portion here.
- 4 But thanks to thine unbounded grace,
 That in my early youth
 I have been taught to seek thy face,
 And know the way of truth.
- 5 O let thy Spirit lead me still
 Along the happy road;
 Conform me to thy holy will,
 My Father, and my God.

43. IN SICKNESS. C. M.

- 1 When languor and disease invade
 This trembling house of clay,
 'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
 And long to fly away.
- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
 The whispers of his love ;
Sweet to look upward to the place
 Where Jesus pleads above.
- 3 Sweet on His faithfulness to rest,
 Whose love can never end ;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
 For all things to depend.
- 4 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
 To trust his firm decrees ;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
 And know no will but his.
- 5 If such the sweetness of the streams,
 What must the Fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
 Immediately from thee ?

44. RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS. C. M.

- 1 MY God, thy service well demands
 The remnant of my days ;
Why was this fleeting breath renewed,
 But to renew thy praise ?
- 2 Thine arms of everlasting love
 Did this weak frame sustain,
When health and life both ebbed apace
 From every sinking vein.
- 3 Back from the borders of the grave
 At thy command I come ;
Nor would I urge a speedier flight
 To my celestial home.

- 4 Where thou appointest my abode,
 There would I choose to be;
 For in thy presence death is life,
 And earth is heaven, with thee.

45. ON DEATH. L. M.

- 1 WHERE shall I be when I shall go
 From this vain world of care and woe?
 None ever have returned to tell
 The joys of heaven or pains of hell.
- 2 Yet heaven must be a world of bliss,
 Where God himself for ever is;
 Where saints around his throne adore,
 And never sin nor suffer more.
- 3 And hell's a state of endless woe,
 Where unrepenting sinners go;
 Though none that seek the Saviour's grace
 Shall ever see that dreadful place.
- 4 O let me, then, at once apply
 To Him who did for sinners die;
 And this shall be my great reward,
 To dwell for ever with the Lord.

46. ON THE FRAILTY OF LIFE. C. M.

- 1 THEE we adore, eternal Name!
 And humbly own to thee,
 How feeble is our mortal frame:
 What dying worms are we!

- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
 As months and days increase;
 And every beating pulse we tell,
 Leaves but the number less.

- 3 Great God, on what a slender thread
 Hang everlasting things;
 Th' eternal states of all the dead
 Upon life's feeble strings.

- 4 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
 Attends on every breath ;
 And yet how unconcerned we go
 Upon the brink of death !
- 5 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
 To walk this dangerous road ;
 And if our souls are hurried hence,
 May they be found with God.

47. THE DAY OF JUDGMENT. L. M.

- 1 HOW dreadful, Lord, will be the day
 When all the tribes of dead shall rise ;
 And those who dared to disobey
 Be dragged before thy piercing eyes !
- 2 The wicked child who often heard
 His pious parents speak of thee,
 And fled from every serious word,
 Shall not be able then to flee.
- 3 While they appear at thy right hand,
 With saints and angels round the throne,
 He, a poor guilty wretch, shall stand,
 And bear thy dreadful wrath alone !
- 4 No parent then shall bid him pray
 To Him who *now* the sinner hears ;
 For Christ himself shall turn away,
 And show no pity to his tears.
- 5 Great God, I tremble at the thought ;
 And at thy feet for mercy bend ;
 That when to judgment I am brought,
 The Judge himself may be my friend.

48. DISMISSION. 8, 7, 4.

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing ;
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace :
 Let us each, thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace :
 O refresh us,
 Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For thy gospel's joyful sound;
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound;
 Ever faithful
 To the truth may we be found.

3 So whene'er the signal's given
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angel-wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey,
 May we ever
 Reign with Christ in endless day.

49. AT PARTING. S. M.

Once more, before we part,
 We'll bless the Saviour's name;
 Record his mercies, every heart,
 Sing every tongue the same.

50. PRAISE. L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
 Praise him, all creatures here below;
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



THE HISTORY
OF
HONEST ROGER.



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PUBLISHED BY THE
AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY,
150 NASSAU-STREET, NEW YORK

THE HISTORY OF HONEST ROGER.

SOME years ago I was travelling in Wales, at a season of the year when every thing around me was interesting in the highest degree, for it was just before the beginning of harvest, when “the pastures were clothed with flocks, the valleys were also covered with corn,” the woods were clad with foliage, where “the fowls of the heaven had their habitation, and sung among the branches,” and the orchards presented innumerable trees laden with fruit. How kind, thought I, is the great Parent of the universe. “The earth is full of his riches.” “O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness.”

In pursuing my journey, the lofty mountains at a distance raising their heads in the clouds, afforded me subjects for thought; great things seen even afar off are important. Could we but see *by faith* “the things that are eternal,” how profitable as well as noble would be our reflections.

The scenes around us, though charming and delightful, would lose their power to engross our affections, and our minds would soar in holy contemplation to the “everlasting hills which never can be moved.”

With such reflections as these, suggested, I humbly trust, by the Spirit of God, I arrived early in the day at the place of my destination, where business was to detain me for a few days. After refreshing myself and providing for my faithful beast, I took a walk in the evening through the village. It was situated on the banks of a small rivulet; the houses were plain, rural, and clean. The inhabitants were industrious and apparently content; order and decency pervaded the place; while all appearance of profaneness, which I had frequently witnessed with pain on my journey during the day, seemed to be studiously avoided. In several houses I heard the sound of singing, but the tunes were not those of foolish songs, but such as accompany “psalms and hymns.” I more than once saw groups of various ages returning from their labors in the field, whose “mouths were filled with the praises of God.” The romantic scenery and fruitful fields, gardens, and orchards which on every side surrounded me, together with the simple and virtuous manners of the people, gave to

my mind a degree of pleasure which may be more easily conceived by those "who approve the things that are excellent," than can be described by my pen.

Thus pleased with, and interested in all that came under my observation, my walk led me up a lane, on each side of which a row of oaks intermingled their branches over my head, forming a shade which was calculated to inspire a train of reflections truly solemn and highly profitable. In a few steps I found my walk terminate at the gates of the churchyard. Ah, thought I, how many will experience an end like this to all their pleasing reveries. Delighted with their good things on earth, they soon shall awake from their dreams of worldly felicity at their near approach to "the house appointed for all living."

I entered with solemn delight into the sacred ground where many a hillock proclaimed to me, "Thou art mortal." The church was a modern structure, built in the gothic style of architecture; the doors were open, as if to invite a stranger to enter. Having been educated according to the rites of the establishment, and having, I humbly trust, imbibed the spirit of piety which the Scriptures breathe, the invitation was irresistible. The inside was in every way suited for a place of wor-

ship; every thing indicated that "God's sanctuary was reverenced." The very first appearance of the church accounted for the manners of the inhabitants which I had already so much admired.

While examining the various parts of this interesting place, I often wished for a small ray of that light which shines in the *Meditations* of HERVEY in his walks among the tombs. I had consolation, however, in reflecting that the same God who receives the tribute of the higher orders of his servants, will also graciously accept the service of the lowest. I rejoiced in the opportunity afforded me to offer up my thanks to Him who had cast my lot in this land. O what thanks ought I to give daily to Him who caused me to be born in a land of gospel light, and not in the dark heathen lands of India—to Him who has taught me to worship the true God in a Christian church, when I might have been offering bloody rites in a pagan temple. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name." O give him thanks for my "creation, preservation, and redemption; for *the means of grace*, and the hope of glory."

In returning towards the village, I met a funeral procession moving slowly up the hill towards the church. As every one's countenance and behavior seemed to indicate unfeigned sorrow and

mourning, I returned with the multitude. The burial service was performed in a very solemn and impressive manner by a minister whose heart seemed to feel the important truths which he pronounced; hence, it is no wonder that his hearers felt them. While the thirty-ninth Psalm was alternately recited by the minister and all the people in a slow and reverential tone, how insignificant did all the affairs of this world appear in comparison with those sublime advantages which religion confers. In the appropriate chapter, 1 Cor. 15, which had been selected for the occasion, the glorious Redeemer was presented to our view in such a way as was calculated to raise in us the most fervent gratitude and love. The triumph of faith over death and the grave, as exhibited in that chapter, appeared to excite in every breast a desire *to live the life and die the death of the righteous.*

When the chapter was ended, after a solemn pause of a few minutes, which was only interrupted by the tolling of the bell and the sighs of the mourners, the verses from the Olney Hymns,

“Oft as the bell, with solemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a soul,
Let each one ask himself, ‘Am I
Prepared, should I be called to die?’”

were sung by all present, which produced an effect which I shall never forget. Singing is generally the most enlivening part of divine worship, but on *this occasion* it seemed to elevate the soul from earth to heaven.

We afterwards proceeded to the grave, where the rest of the service was conducted in a manner the most instructive that I ever attended. No sooner had the coffin been lowered into the grave, and “the earth cast upon the body” committed to its long home, than the following words were sung: “I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write; from henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: even so saith the Spirit; for they shall rest from their labors.” Then the whole congregation kneeled, according to the pious custom of that part of the country, during the prayers which followed.

After the apostolical benediction was pronounced, and the congregation rose from their knees, the minister exclaimed with tears and with uplifted hands, “*Now I have buried the most honest man in the parish.*” This drew tears from many around him, for all seemed to feel the force of the assertion. Many answered, “Yes, yes,” with great emphasis. The impression made on my mind was astonishment mixed with a desire to

learn the particulars in the life of a man who had been thus publicly honored after death. My desire was happily granted soon afterwards by the excellent minister himself, who gave the following account of the education, life, and death of honest Roger.

His father was once a wealthy freeholder, who led a "quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty," training up a numerous family of both sexes "in the way wherein they ought to go." Through becoming security for some of his friends in distress, he was so reduced in his circumstances as to be obliged to sell all his property, and to spend the rest of his life in a cottage as a day-laborer. His children consequently were obliged to provide for themselves as well as they were able.

The day when this good but unfortunate man was about to leave his paternal estate, and have his children separated from him, he called them all together, and after family prayer, which he had never omitted, he thus addressed them :

" My dear children, I had hoped to see you all grow up under my own roof in peace and plenty; but God in his wisdom has thought fit to disappoint my hopes. *His blessed will be done.* I thank God that I have been able to give you all a little learning : you can read and write ; and each

of you has a copy of the Holy Bible. This is all the portion I can give you ; but, blessed be God, it is a good one if you use it well. You remember how your dear mother and myself accustomed ourselves to use our Bible, which we found the best companion both in prosperity and adversity. Let me beseech you all to follow our example.

“ Rise early, that you may have time to pray in private, and to read your Bible for a few minutes ; then go to the business of the day with cheerfulness. Remember what God has commanded you : ‘ six days ’ of the week you are to ‘ labor and do all your work ’ faithfully and honestly. Conclude the day in the same pious manner as you began it, then your sleep will be easy and pleasant. Keep in mind during the day the portions of Scripture you have read in the morning, and they will preserve you from evil thoughts and make your work doubly sweet.

“ Remember also the Sabbath-day to keep it holy. On that day, which God has blessed for your good, you must ‘ do no manner of work ’ but that of necessity or charity. Go, as you have been taught, to church early, and twice. Pray to God with a penitent and humble heart. Hear the sermon with attention and prayer. Examine yourselves every Sabbath evening, that you may know

what good you have learned by the instructions which you have received.

" You have a Father in heaven who will be always with you, if you apply to him through his Son Jesus Christ. He loves you infinitely more than I can. Trust in him and you will never want. He may correct you by sending you afflictions, but it will be for your good. Remember Joseph: it is better to suffer than to sin. Remember Moses, who chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.

" At least once every year you must all come to see me, when we shall go together to church. Let me hear from each of you every month. I shall always pray for you—pray for me. The Lord bless you. The Lord be with you all forever. Farewell."

After this solemn and pious address, a written copy of which he gave to each of them, this interesting family separated, thenceforth to provide for themselves by their individual exertions. Their separate histories abundantly testify the advantages of the early instruction they received. But we will confine our attention to the history of honest Roger, who was the youngest, and whose age then did not exceed twelve years.

Before we proceed, it may not be amiss to ask those parents who have now read the above account, if they have taught their children to read their Bible, and to join sincerely in the worship of God? Beloved friends, can your children read the Bible, and have they Bibles to read? Have they been taught to work during the week, and to "hallow the Sabbath?" These questions ought to be considered by you now, for an answer will be required in the day of judgment.

Honest Roger was employed by a farmer who was a man that truly "feared God and wrought righteousness." His house was a Bethel. The Lord was there daily "worshipped in spirit and in truth." He was a father not only to his own children, but to all the members of his household. He taught them all, both by precept and example, to "keep the way of the Lord, and to do justice and judgment." By his kind and judicious conduct he made all under his roof to love and fear him. His commands were readily obeyed, because they were reasonable and right.

Nor were the working-days alone pleasant to all this good man's domestics; the Sabbath was in the highest degree a day of joy and delight to them. The week's work was always so contrived

that nothing remained undone on Saturday evening. All went to bed earlier that night than usual, and rose early on Sabbath morning ; there was therefore no hinderance in the way of attending divine worship. Every individual went to church twice that day, for there was nothing to detain any at home, unless there was sickness in the family. The "cattle," too, enjoyed rest according to God's command, for there were no journeys nor visits to make. The evening of the Sabbath was spent by this excellent man in catechizing all his household. The young people were required to give some account of what they had heard at church. When this exercise was ended, prayer and praise concluded the day, and all went early to bed.

In this family Roger continued for six years in health and comfort ; for the seeds of piety and virtue which were sown in his heart in childhood were watered by the example and teachings of the pious farmer. He was happy because he "followed that which was good." He did his work faithfully, and received his wages without care or anxiety.

But he found, as all others sooner or later will do, that tranquillity on earth is of short continuance. His venerable father, whom he had visited

once a year according to his request, was removed to a better world, and soon afterward his worthy employer died of a fever. Roger was therefore compelled to seek another place, and being inexperienced in the world, he hired himself to the first farmer that offered him a place, thinking, in the simplicity of his heart, that all persons of the same rank bore the same character.

His new master was, however, quite the reverse of his old one, and his situation very different in all respects. Family prayer was never performed. The Sabbath-day was awfully profaned. The master was often drunk, at other times angry, and at all times ungodly. In short, as piety was neglected, happiness could never visit, much less abide in the house. This place proved therefore to Roger to be full of sorrows. He would have left it immediately had he not hired himself for the year ; but he thought it would not be right to break his engagement, and he recollect ed the maxim, that “ honesty is the best policy.”

As a workman, Roger was the best on the farm, and being true in all his words, and faithful in all his actions, he gained the esteem of his employer, who, bad as he was himself, could safely trust him ; and here it was that he first obtained the name of HONEST ROGER, which he preserved through

life, and by which he is still kept in memory by his relatives. He did his work, whoever neglected it ; and whatever he did, he gave a correct account of to his employer.

Although his conduct raised the envy and sneers of the vicious, he nevertheless acquired many friends. He often looked at the paper which contained his father's parting address to his children, which taught him "the good and right way." This led him to pray to God for help, and he found it. By God's help he was enabled to live "a godly, righteous, and sober life."

Here let me ask heads of families what course they pursue ? Are you, my friends, like the former or like the latter of these farmers, whose histories you have just read ? If like the former, you are happy ; if like the latter, you are miserable. You see, then, what makes the difference. It is religion.

Your domestics, too, will be much influenced by your example. If you are godly, you do much to make them so ; if you are ungodly, either they will be the same, or their situation will be trying and uncomfortable. O that you would but consider this subject as its infinite importance deserves.

Honest Roger at the end of the year offered himself as an under-gardener in the employ of a gen-

tleman of very large fortune, who inquired for the character of Roger from his former employer. The inquiry was thus answered :

“ SIR—Roger is an honest young man.

“ I am yours,” etc., etc.

This letter of recommendation, though it was short, comprehended much. Nor was the gentleman disappointed. Roger, by a course of sobriety, industry, and strict fidelity, obtained the goodwill of all that knew him. He could be safely trusted in any situation, for he had been taught to “do justly,” as well as to “walk humbly with God.”

After he had spent two or three years in this happy way of living, one of his brothers persuaded him to join with himself in a trade which appeared to offer them many advantages and great profits. They accordingly removed to a distant part of the country, where they entered upon their new business. Here they acted in all their dealings uprightly and honestly ; they were civil and kind to all ; they were sober, frugal, and industrious ; and as success crowned their labors, they “did not forget the poor” whose necessities called for their compassion and relief. But in dispensing their bounty, they were prudent as well as

liberal, seeking out deserving objects who were actually in need of their assistance.

Their prosperity, however, did not continue long. They entered into partnership with two other young men, who seemed, indeed, decent and honest; but alas, were quite the reverse. These, under the most specious pretences of friendship and integrity, deceived their honest and unsuspecting partners, and soon brought the concern into discredit, and eventually into ruin. The four partners not only lost all, but were involved in a debt which they were utterly incapable of paying.

The grief of Honest Roger and his brother on this occasion was very great. They had indeed no cause to accuse themselves for any neglect, but they were exceedingly sorry, because they were incapable of fulfilling the scripture command to "owe no man any thing." This state of distress was more than Roger's brother could bear—he sickened and died.

Roger's two remaining partners told him that if he would go with them to London, where their parents and friends lived, they could soon raise the money which they owed, and a sum sufficient to enable them to begin business afresh. To this he consented; but their design was only

to leave the kingdom. Roger however refused to accompany them. He wrote to his creditors and assured them of his honest design to pay them all as soon as Providence enabled him. The manner in which he fulfilled his upright intentions shall be now related, as an example of what may be done by industry and perseverance in well-doing.

It would be difficult to describe the distress of mind which Roger felt when he was left by his companions. They had brought him into trouble, and like the world in general, left him there to suffer or to struggle out of it as well as he was able. He was sensible that he had acted uprightly in all his dealings, and this consideration supported him; his sorrow however was great, because he had joined those men whose motives and principles were the reverse of his own; but in this he had nothing to blame himself for, inasmuch as he was deceived.

Roger's distress did not produce inactivity and despair; but it caused exertion and diligence. As a pious man, "he called upon God in the day of trouble," being well assured that he had the promise of an answer to his prayer; and as an honest man, who was bound to "do justly," as well as to "walk humbly with God," Micah 6:8, he re-

solved to enter upon some regular employment, and labor diligently that he might raise a fund wherewith to discharge all his debts.

He lost no time in putting his resolution into practice. After surmounting some difficulties which generally meet a stranger in London, he entered into the service of a gardener, a situation, as we have already seen, for which he was well suited.

Here he labored with uncommon diligence for sixteen hours every day. He lived on the meanest fare, and seldom drank any thing but water. And, while he thus worked on the week-days, the early instructions of his pious parents were never disregarded by him. The sacred duties of the Sabbath were sweet to his heart, and left a savor behind them throughout the week. He spent an hour every Sabbath morning in reading his Bible, and in private prayer. He then went to worship God in public, and to hear his word. He returned to his dinner, and went always to church in the afternoon. His Sabbath evenings were also spent at home in reading, meditation, and prayer alone, or with a friend.

The attentive reader will not be surprised to hear that "the Lord was with" Roger, as he reads of his being with "Joseph" of old, and that

"all he did prospered in his hand." He gained the esteem and confidence of his employer, as well as the respect of all that knew him. Though indeed he, like all good men, was sometimes laughed at and reproached for his religion, he nevertheless was beloved and honored. The God whom he served made all men, and "all things work together for his good."

When Roger had spent two years in this situation, a gentleman who frequently dealt with his employer, in purchasing plants, etc., to stock his own garden which he was making at his country-seat, and who had many opportunities of observing Roger's good behavior and skill, offered to engage him as his own head-gardener. Though his employer was extremely loath to part with him, he was prevailed upon to accept the offer for the sake of having greater means to increase his fund for paying his debts. He soon entered upon his new employ, and there served both God and his master as a good and an honest man.

In this new situation he was beset with many temptations to swerve from the direct line of duty, but his constant watchfulness and prayer procured him help from above to keep a "conscience void of offence towards God and man." The means of grace, which he constantly attended, had such an

influence on his conduct in life, as to keep him from all evil, and “direct his steps in the way of righteousness.”

We might relate many anecdotes of his uprightness and honesty; but we will only mention one or two. A gentleman called one evening in the twilight to pay for some shrubs which he had bought of Roger’s employer, and in the darkness, much increased by the shade of the trees which surrounded the lodge, he gave him a *five* pound note instead of a one pound note.

When Roger had lighted his candle some time afterwards as usual, to read his evening chapter in the Bible, he discovered the gentleman’s mistake. He immediately ran after him and restored the note.

Another time a valuable diamond had been lost by one of the family while walking in the garden, which, after great search, was given up as irrecoverable, for none knew where it had been dropped. About a year afterwards Roger found it among some flower-roots. He immediately returned it to the owner, and would receive nothing for his fidelity. He said that “he had done only what was his duty.” Luke 17:10.

After having continued in the faithful discharge of his duties for some years, he took all his savings

in his pocket, and went to the town where he had been engaged in trade with his brother and the two young men already mentioned, in order to "pay the uttermost farthing" of what he and his brother owed. This he accomplished, to the no small astonishment of all who knew it. Before, however, he could clear the whole, he was obliged to sell even his coat and buckles. He then worked on the highway for money to carry him home. When he returned he kept a day of thanksgiving to God for enabling him to arrive at a state in which he "owed no man any thing." Romans 13 : 8. He resumed his labors with cheerfulness, and continued a useful, exemplary Christian, honoring God both in life and in death. Reader, "go thou and do likewise."

The latter years of Roger's life were spent in the practice of piety towards God, and of justice towards man. As soon as he had disentangled himself from his embarrassments he married an industrious, godly woman, by whom he had three sons, who were brought up by him in the fear of the Lord. His diligence in his business, and other virtues, endeared him to all his relations and acquaintance, procured him peace of mind, and, what was better than all, brought down upon

him "the blessing of God," which alone "maketh rich."

Soon after his marriage he entered upon a small farm, on which he lived for some years, an example of honesty, sobriety, diligence, and consistent piety.

He afterwards acquired means to take a much larger farm, where he continued until his death. Here he was called to various stations of public responsibility, in all of which he acted conscientiously and piously. He never feared to do his duty; nor did he suffer any loss for discharging it faithfully. He "adorned the doctrine of God his Saviour in all things."

During the latter years of his life he superintended a large Sabbath-school, which was made a blessing to many hundreds of poor children.

The admirable regularity of his plan, and the strict propriety of its execution, were universally approved. His services in the Sabbath-school can never be duly appreciated until the great day of account.

Nor was Roger remarkable as a public character only. We have seen some conduct public business or a Sabbath-school with great credit, while they have been very deficient in the performance of their duties at home. Roger, however, was

uniform and consistent in all the relations of life which he filled. As a husband, he was tender and affectionate; as a father, he was kind and careful; as a master, he was upright and prudent; as a neighbor, he was just and friendly. In short, he was, by the influence of divine grace, enabled to exemplify, as fully as any man perhaps ever did, the directions respecting our duty to God and to our neighbor, which are contained in the sacred Scriptures. "He believed in Christ; he feared and loved God, he worshipped him" in the church, in his family, and in his closet; "he gave him thanks, he put his trust in him, he called upon him, he honored his holy name and his word, and served him all the days of his life."

To a good degree, "he loved his neighbor as himself, and did to all men as he would be done by; he loved, honored, and succored his father and mother; he submitted himself to all his governors, teachers, and spiritual pastors; he hurt nobody by word or deed," but was a benefactor to all; "he was true and just in all his dealings; he bore no malice or hatred in his heart; he kept his hands from taking any thing not his own, and his tongue from evil-speaking, lying, and slandering; he kept his body in temperance, soberness, and chastity; he did not covet nor desire other

men's goods, but learned and labored to do his duty in that state of life unto which it pleased God to call him."

And here I beg the reader to take notice that Roger was "not able" to do, any more than others, "these things *of himself*, nor to walk in the commandments of God, and to serve him, without his *special grace*." He had been early taught by his parents, and he followed their teaching, "to call at all times upon God by diligent prayer for his special grace;" and God was pleased to give him grace, and strengthen him by his power. This I earnestly entreat the reader to keep in view, as explaining the connection between the cause and the effect. Roger was eminently holy; but it was not by his own might or power that he was thus enabled to live to the Lord, and constantly to use the means of grace.

Having surveyed his life, let us take a view of his death; and this, too, will afford us some interesting lessons.

He was taken ill suddenly. Being confined to his bed, he sent for his minister to visit him, who found him in a calm and peaceful state of mind, though apparently near his end. At Roger's request he engaged in prayer. Roger joined hearti-

ly in each petition and thanksgiving. When the service was concluded, he shook hands with each of his family, and implored the blessing of God on them all.

As the minister was going to retire, Roger most affectionately pressed his hand and said, "My dear sir, farewell; I shall meet you in heaven." In a few hours Roger said, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation;" and with that breathed his last. During the whole of his sickness he had manifested Christian resignation and hope; and *salvation* was on his lips when he actually departed. Such was his death, happy and full of instruction.

The Lord does not always see fit to give his people such a tranquil passage from this world of pain and sorrow, but we know that he doeth all things well; and we may leave this, as well as other events, in his hand, being assured that he does not afflict willingly; but as a father chasteneth his children for their good, so he deals with us. It may, however, be observed, that this peaceful end is perhaps most frequently granted to those who have been enabled the most simply to commit all their concerns to him, constantly "looking to Jesus;" and we may be assured that the more

simply we are enabled to do this, the more shall we be supported under the trials and temptations of this life. The nearer a child is to its parent, the less is it troubled with, and fearful of what passes around.

The following directions may assist to help those who desire, like Honest Roger, to show the power of holiness and righteousness in their daily walk and conduct.

1. Be sure that a good foundation is laid : this can be only by the change of your heart through the powerful working of the Holy Spirit. We are "by nature the children of wrath." Eph. 2 : 3. "We have all, like sheep, gone astray." Isaiah 53 : 6. "If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves." 1 John, 1 : 7. The Saviour himself has declared, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." John 3 : 3. Has such a change taken place in your heart ? Do you delight in Christ and his holy commands ? Do you hate and abhor sin ?

2. Be sure constantly to bear in mind the rules by which you are to walk. They are given to us in the Bible ; therefore constantly study the Scriptures, which alone are able to make us wise unto salvation ; ask yourself continually, Am I follow-

ing the example of Christ? And while you read, pray earnestly that, by the divine teaching, you may profit and grow thereby. Psalm 19:7, 11.

3. Be sure that you propose to yourself a right end to be attained by your holy walk and conduct. Think not to obtain heaven by your good works. "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us." Titus 3:5. "The gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord." Rom. 6:23. "We are required to walk humbly with our God." Micah 6:8. Surely the man who trusts in his own righteousness, and thinks to gain heaven thereby, does not walk humbly with God. He does not tell us that we can win heaven by our holiness. "When ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants." Luke 17:10. But thereby you show your love and thankfulness to Christ, through whom alone we can obtain salvation. "If ye love me, keep my commandments." John 14:15. "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." Matt. 5:16.

4. Walk in constant dependence upon God, looking to him for strength and support, for it is not in man to direct his own way. Avoid care-

fully every thing which may tempt you to sin. Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall. Our own strength is perfect weakness, but "wait on the Lord ; be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thy heart." Psalm 27 : 14.

5. Reflect constantly what will be your thoughts when your dying hour is come. No man when he is on his death-bed ever regretted having led a holy life ; but how many, even of the people of God, have found thorns in their pillow from former neglects of his will.

6. Above all, remember that there is no real support for you on a death-bed but faith in Christ Jesus ; to him alone can you look for present peace and future glory. "Christ is all." Meditate continually upon him ; seek him in public, by attendance upon his ordinances ; in private, by prayer and reading his word. Come to him in all your troubles, he will hear you and answer you ; let not unbelief keep you from him. Rest upon him, believing in the promise of salvation to all who will receive it. He has said, "Ask, and it shall be given you ; seek, and ye shall find." Luke 11 : 9. "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." John 6 : 37.

“O that the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still;
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will.

“O send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart,
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar’s part.

“From vanity turn off mine eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.

“Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

“My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip;
Yet since I’ve not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wandering sheep.”



HISTORY
OF
THE ENGLISH BIBLE:
SHOWING
THE INEFFECTUAL EFFORTS OF POPERY TO PREVENT
ITS CIRCULATION.



—12—

PUBLISHED BY THE
AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY
150 NASSAU-STREET, NEW YORK

THE
HISTORY
OF
THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

PROGRESS MADE IN TRANSLATING THE BIBLE
BEFORE THE TIME OF WICKLIFFE.

THE history of the English Bible includes a period of nine hundred years, extending from about A. D. 700, to the completion of the present translation in the reign of James the First, A. D. 1611.

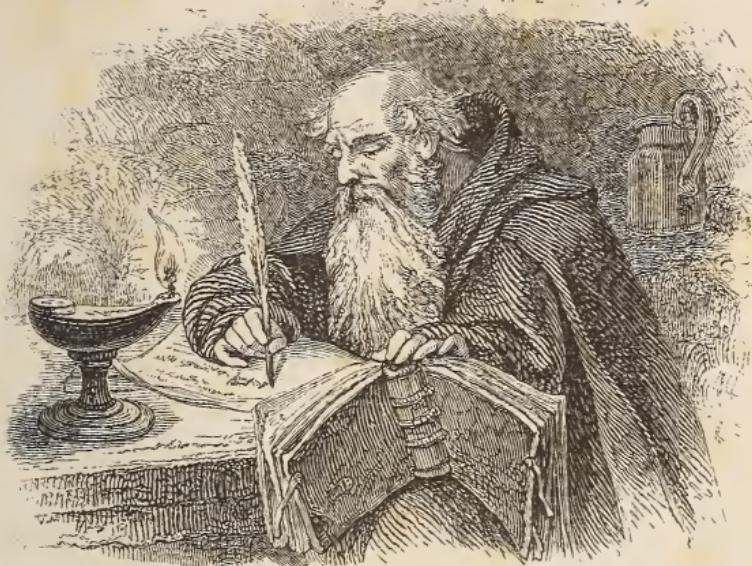
The psalter and the gospel were translated into the Anglo-Saxon *towards the beginning of the eighth century*, by the venerable Bede, who is said to have finished the last chapter of the gospel as he expired. The whole Bible was translated into the Anglo-Saxon by order of king ALFRED. He undertook the version of the psalms himself, but he did not live to complete it.

We pass rapidly over a wide and dreary waste, reaching from the days of Alfred to William the

Conqueror, and even as far down as the reign of Edward I. In the eleventh century the state of England was superlatively wretched. In consequence of the successful invasion of the ferocious Danes, murder and rapine marched hand in hand through the kingdom with wasteful triumph. During this period of horror and desolation, religion, corrupted by repeated abuses, degenerated into superstition. In these calamitous times, and for some ages after, those who presided over that hallowed fountain of living waters, the Scriptures, suffered them to flow with only a niggard stream, and that polluted.

In 1274 the price of a Bible, with a commentary fairly written, was £30—a most enormous sum, for at that time the pay of a laboring man was only three half-pence a day; so that such a work would have cost him more than fifteen years' labor; and the expense have been greater than building two arches of London bridge, which, in 1240, cost £25.

One of the first attempts at a translation into the English language, appears to have been made by Richard Rolle, a hermit of Hampole, in Yorkshire, who translated and wrote a gloss upon the psalter, and a metrical paraphrase of the book of Job. He died in 1349.



In Spain, James I. king of Arragon, who died in 1276, required all, whether clergy or laity, who possessed any of the books of the Old and New Testament in the vulgar tongue, to bring them to the bishop to be *burned*. The translations thus condemned had probably been made by those early opponents of superstition, the Albigenses. But while one part of Spain was interdicted the word of God, another was favored with it; for Alphonsus king of Castile, who lived A. D. 1280, with pious liberality, took care to have the sacred books translated into the Castilian, his native dialect.

WICKLIFFE'S TRANSLATION.

The first complete translation of the whole Bible into English was made by JOHN WICKLIFFE. This appeared between 1360 and 1380.

The New Testament of Wickliffe's version sold for four marks and forty pence, or £2 16s. 8*d.*, as appears from the register of W. Alnwick, bishop of Norwich, 1429, as quoted by Fox.

In 1390 a bill was brought into the House of Lords to prohibit the use of English Bibles. The bill, however, being strongly reprobated and opposed by John duke of Lancaster, Wickliffe's patron, was rejected. The duke is related to have said, "We will not be the dregs of all, seeing other nations have the law of God, which is the law of our faith, written in their own language."

About A. D. 1408, Arundel, archbishop of Canterbury, decreed, in a convocation of the clergy at Oxford, that no unauthorized person should translate any text of Scripture into English, or any other language, by way of book or treatise ; and that no translation, made either in or since Wickliffe's time, should be read, till approved by the bishop of the diocese, or in a provincial council. This decree was enforced by great persecutions ; and as about the same time Pope Alexander V. condemned all translations into the vulgar tongue,

they were, as much as it was possible, suppressed till the Reformation.

It appears, indeed, from our bishops' registers, that in consequence of Arundel's commission, several persons were burned on refusing to abjure their principles, for having read the New Testament and the ten commandments in Wickliffe's translation.

In the second year of the reign of Henry V. a law was passed by which all Lollards, or those who possessed or read any of Wickliffe's books, were declared to be guilty of treason, and their goods ordered to be confiscated. This law was considered as particularly directed against those who read the New Testament in English in Wickliffe's translation. The following extract shows how the passage of this law was regarded by many in that day : "In the said parliament—namely, one held at Leicester—the king made this most blasphemous and cruel act to be a law for ever, that whatsoever they were that should read the Scriptures in their mother tongue—which was then called *Wicklieu Lerning*—they should forfeit land, cattle, body, life, and goods from their heirs for ever, and to be condemned for heretics to God, enemies to the crown, and most errant traitors to the land."

In 1429, Nicholas Belward was accused of hav

ing in his possession a New Testament which he had bought in London for four marks and forty pence, or £2 16s. 8d., a sum equivalent to more than forty pounds at present—an astonishing price to be paid by a laboring man !

THE FIRST PRINTED BIBLES

No sooner was the art of printing invented in Germany, than Dr. Fust, or Faustus, employed it in multiplying copies of the Bible. Having printed off a considerable number of copies to imitate those which were commonly sold in manuscript, he undertook the sale of them at Paris, where the art of printing was then unknown. As he sold his printed copies for *sixty* crowns, while the scribes demanded *five hundred*, this created universal astonishment ; but when he produced copies as fast as they were wanted, and also lowered his price to thirty crowns, all Paris was agitated. The uniformity of the copies increased the wonder. It is said that informations were given in to the magistrates against him as a magician ; his lodgings were searched, and a great number of copies being found, they were seized. The red ink with which they were embellished was said to be his blood. It was seriously adjudged that he was in league with the devil ; but on discovering his art,

the parliament of Paris made an act to discharge him from all persecution in consideration of his useful invention.

The very first printed edition of the Bible, in *any* language, was that of the Latin Vulgate, which was printed at Mayntz in 1462. (N. B. This must be understood to denote the first edition of the whole Bible which bears the name of a printer, and the place and year of its execution.) The first printed edition of the Bible, in any *modern* language, was in the *German*, there being a copy preserved in the public library in the city of Leipsic, which was printed in 1467.

TYNDAL'S TRANSLATION.

In 1526, WILLIAM TYNDAL, a native of Wales printed at Antwerp, without a name, his English New Testament. In England the importers and venders of Tyndal's translation were condemned by Sir Thomas More, the lord chancellor, to ride with their faces to the horses' tails, with papers on their heads, and with the books which they had dispersed tied about them, to an appointed spot in London, where they themselves were compelled to throw them into the fire, and were afterwards amerced in a considerable fine. Tyndal, through the treachery of Henry Philips, was strangled and

burned in 1536 for heresy, near Filford, or Villefort castle, the place of his imprisonment, between Brussels and Antwerp, in Flanders. He expired praying, with repeated earnestness, “Lord, open the king of England’s eyes.” It was at Antwerp he finished his favorite work, with the assistance of John Fry, or Fryth, and William Roye; the former of whom was burned in Smithfield for heresy, July, 1552; and the latter suffered that dreadful death in Portugal on the same accusation.”

At the request of the clergy several severe proclamations were issued by king Henry VIII. against all who read or kept by them Tyndal’s translation of the New Testament; so that a copy of this book found in the possession of any person, was sufficient to convict him of heresy, and subject him to the flames. “But the fervent zeal of these Christian days,” says the good old martyrologist, Fox, “seemed much superior to these our days and times, as manifestly may appear by their sitting up all night in reading or hearing; also by their expenses and charges in buying of books in English, of whom some gave five marks, some more, some less, for a book, *and some gave a load of hay for a few chapters of St. James, or of St. Paul, in English.*”

In 1543 an act of parliament was obtained by

the adversaries of translations, condemning Tyndal's Bible, and the prefaces and notes of all other editions. It was therefore enacted, "That no women, except noble women, and gentlewomen, who might read to themselves alone, and not to others—and for which indulgence they were indebted to Cranmer—nor artificers, apprentices, journeymen, serving-men, husbandmen, nor laborers, were to read the Bible or New Testament in English, to himself or to any others, privately or openly, upon pain of one month's imprisonment."

A similar act was also passed in 1546, prohibiting Coverdale's as well as Tyndal's Bible.

The New Testament was published by Luther, after it had been revised by Melancthon, in 1522.

Tyndal's translation of the New Testament, from the Greek, was printed in octavo, as we have seen, in 1526. The written copies of Wickliffe's translation had been long known; but this was the first time that any part of the Scriptures was printed in English. Wolsey and the bishops published prohibitions and injunctions against it as false and heretical. Tonstal, bishop of London, and Sir Thomas More, bought up almost the whole impression, and burned it at St. Paul's Cross. The sale of these copies, however, enabled Tyndal to prepare another and more correct edition, which

was printed in 1534. “Cardinal Wolsey declaimed,” says Mr. Baxter, “against the art of printing, as that which would take down the honor and profit of the priesthood, by making the people as wise as they.”

At that time the people were so little acquainted with the Scriptures, that upon the appearance of printed editions in the Hebrew and Greek originals, some of the more illiterate monks declaimed from the pulpits, that “there was now a new language discovered, called Greek, of which the people should beware, since it was that which produced all heresies; that in this language was come forth a book called the New Testament, which was now in every body’s hands, and was full of thorns and briars. And there had also another language now started up, which they called Hebrew; and that they who learned it were termed Hebrews.”

“The art of reading,” says Lord Kaimes, “made a very slow progress. To encourage that art in England, the capital punishment for murder was remitted, if the criminal could but read, which, in law language, is termed benefit of clergy. One would imagine that the art must have made a very rapid progress when so greatly favored, but there is a signal proof of the contrary; for so

small an edition of the Bible as six hundred copies, translated into English in the reign of Henry VIII., was not wholly sold off in three years."

"The clergy," says Dr. Henry, "were very sensible of their danger from this quarter, and exerted all their power to prevent the circulation of the New Testament in English, which they represented as perfect poison to the souls of Christians. But all their efforts were ineffectual."

TRANSLATION MADE UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF CRANMER, COMMONLY CALLED COVERDALE'S BIBLE.

CRANMER, archbishop of Canterbury, having obtained king Henry's permission to translate the New Testament, divided it into nine parts, chose nine of the best Greek scholars he could find, and committed the translating of one of those parts to each. When they were all translated and returned to him, he sent one of those parts to one of the most learned of his brethren the bishops, to be corrected, and returned with their observations. When the day came, every man sent to Lambeth their parts corrected; only one portion, namely, that which had been sent to Stokesley, bishop of London, was wanting. Cranmer wrote to the bishop a letter for his part, requiring him to deliver

it unto the messenger, his secretary. He received the archbishop's letter at Fulham, unto which he made this answer : " I marvel what my lord of Canterbury meaneth, that thus abuseth the people in giving them liberty to read the Scriptures, which doth nothing else but infect them with heresy. I have bestowed never an hour upon my portion, nor ever will, and therefore my lord shall have his book again, for I will never be guilty of bringing this simple folk into error."

Mr. Thomas Lawney, chaplain to the old duke of Norfolk, hearing the archbishop speak of Stokesley's untowardness, said, " I can tell your grace why my lord of London will not bestow any labors or pains this way ; your grace knoweth well that his portion is a piece of the NEW TESTAMENT. But he, being persuaded that Christ had not bequeathed him any thing in his Testament, thought it mere madness to bestow any labor or pains where no gain was to be gotten ! And besides this, it is the *Acts of the Apostles*, who were simple, poor fellows ; and therefore my lord of London disdained to have to do with any of them ! "

There was nothing that the friends of the old learning—as the tenets of popery were then called—more dreaded and deprecated than the translation of the Scriptures into English, and granting

the use of them to the people ; nor was there any thing that the friends of the Reformation more ardently labored to procure. There was a long and violent struggle between the two parties. Archbishop Warham sent a pastoral letter to all the prelates of his province, A. D. 1526, acquainting them that certain children of iniquity, blinded by malice, had translated the New Testament into English, to spread heresy and ruin men's souls, and that some of these pernicious books had been brought into England. He directed them, therefore, to command all persons in their diocese, who had any of these dangerous books, to deliver them up to their bishop, or his commissary, within thirty days, under the pain of excommunication, and of being punished as heretics.

Four years after this, the cry for a translation of the Bible, and the opposition to it still continuing, the king published a proclamation, in which he told his subjects that he had consulted the two primates and several other bishops and learned men, "and that by all these virtuous, discreet, and well-learned personages in divinity, it is thought that it is not necessary the Scriptures be in the English tongue, and in the hands of the common people ; and that, having respect to the malignity of this present time, with the inclinations of the

people to erroneous opinions, the translation of the New Testament and the Old into the vulgar tongue of the English should rather be the occasion of continuance or increase of errors among the said people, than any benefit to their souls." Such were the sentiments of the king and prelates of England on this subject at that time. But after Henry began to quarrel with the pope, and Cranmer was advanced to the primacy, he changed his opinion, and began to listen to the opinions of his subjects to have the Scriptures in a language they understood.

When Dr. Cranmer was advanced to the primacy, he stood in the highest degree of favor with the king, which was the cause of his unexpected promotion. This gave him so much influence and authority in the church, that the convocation of his province, December the 9th, 1534, consulted and agreed that he should make application to the king to name and appoint certain honest and learned men to translate the Scriptures into English, to be put into the hands of the people for their instruction. Cranmer applied to the king accordingly, and obtained a commission for himself and some other learned men to prepare a translation of the whole Bible for the instruction of his subjects. For expedition in this work, which he had much at heart, he divided the Bible into sev-

eral parts, and gave one to each translator. When the translation was finished, the printing of it was committed to Richard Grafton and Edward Whitchurch, who obtained permission from Francis to print it at Paris.

"About this time," says archbishop Newcome, "an event happened which showed the vigilance and jealousy of the Romanists with respect to vernacular translations of the Bible. Grafton had permission from Francis the First, at the request of king Henry himself, to print a Bible at Paris, on account of the superior skill of the workmen, and the comparative goodness and cheapness of the paper. But, notwithstanding the royal license, the Inquisition interposed by an instrument dated December 17th, 1538. The French printers, their English employers, and Coverdale, the corrector of the work, were summoned by the Inquisitors, and the impression, consisting of 2,500 copies, was seized and condemned to the flames. But the avarice of the officer who superintended the burning of these *heretical books*, for so they were called, induced him to sell some chests of them to a haberdasher for the purpose of wrapping his wares. The English proprietors, who fled at the alarm, returned to Paris when it subsided, and not only recovered some of those copies which had escaped the

fire, but brought with them to London the presses, types, and printers. *When Cranmer received some copies of this Bible, he said it gave him more joy than if he had received ten thousand pounds!*

The king, by proclamation, A. D. 1537, commanded one of these Bibles, at the equal expense of the clergyman and the parishioners, to be deposited in every parish church, to be read by all who pleased; and as some towns and parishes did not obey this first proclamation, it was enforced in a second, with severe penalties. At last Cranmer procured permission, A. D. 1539, to all the subjects to purchase copies of this English Bible for the use of themselves and their families. By such slow steps the people of England obtained the inestimable privilege of perusing the word of God in their own language, which had been long denied them.

Coverdale's Bible, in folio, was published in 1535. "This," says Newcome, "is the first English Bible allowed by royal authority, and the first translation of the whole Bible printed in our language. It was objected to by the bishops as faulty; but as they admitted that it contained no heresies, the king said, *Then, in God's name, let it go abroad among my people.* An order was soon after issued out that every church should be furnished with one of these Bibles."

“ It was wonderful,” says Strype, “ to see with what joy this book of God was received, not only among the more learned sort, and those that were noted as lovers of the Reformation, but generally all England over, among all the vulgar and common people ; and with what greediness God’s word was read, and what resort there was to places where it was read. Every body that could, bought the book and busily read it, or got others to read it to them if they could not themselves ; and divers elderly people learned to read on purpose ; and even little boys flocked among the rest to hear portions of the holy Scriptures read.”

One William Maldon mentions, that when the king had allowed the Bible to be set forth to be read in the churches, immediately several poor men in the town of Chelmsford, in Essex, where his father lived, and he was born, bought the New Testament, and on Sundays sat reading it in the lower end of the church. Many would flock about them to hear their reading ; and *he*, among the rest, being then but fifteen years old, came every Sunday to hear the glad and sweet tidings of the gospel. But his father observing it once, angrily brought him away, and would have him say the Latin matins with him, which grieved him much. As he returned at other times to hear

the scriptures read, his father still would bring him away. This put him upon the thought of learning to read English, that he might read the New Testament himself, which, when he had by diligence effected, he and his father's apprentice bought a New Testament, joining their stocks together, and to conceal it, *laid it under the bed straw*, and read it at convenient times.

On the passing of the act of Parliament before mentioned, in 1546, prohibiting Coverdale's Bible, the following singular note was made by a poor shepherd in a spare leaf of Polydore Virgil's work on the *Invention of Things*, printed by Grafton, 1546.

"At Oxforde the yere 1546, brouwt down to Seynbury by John Darbye, prycce 14d. When I kepe Mr. Letymer's shepe I bout thys boke when the Testament was obberagatyd that shepherdys might not red hit, I pray God amende that blyndness. Writ by Robert Wilyams keppynge shepe upon Seynbury hill, 1546."

Henry VIII. dying in January, 1547, was succeeded by his son, Edward VI. The young king favored the Reformation, and repealed the acts which prohibited the translation of the scriptures. During his short reign all persons were allowed the use of translations. New editions were published, and copies placed in the churches. Every

ecclesiastical person under the degree of bachelor of divinity was enjoined to provide a New Testament in Latin and English, with the paraphrase of Erasmus; and Gardiner, bishop of Winchester, was committed to the Fleet for refusing compliance, and at length deprived of his bishopric.

Among many who glorified God by suffering martyrdom in the reign of Queen Mary, Joan Waste, a poor woman, deserves never to be forgotten. Though blind from her birth, she learned, at an early age, to knit stockings and sleeves, and to assist her father in the business of rope-making, and always discovered the utmost aversion to idleness or sloth. After the death of her parents, she lived with her brother, and by daily attendance at church, and hearing divine service read in the vulgar tongue, during the reign of king Edward, became deeply impressed with religious principles. This rendered her desirous of possessing the word of God; so that at length, having by her labor earned and saved as much money as would purchase a New Testament, she procured one; and as she could not read it herself, got others to read it to her, especially an old man seventy years of age, a prisoner for debt in the common hall at Derby, and clerk of the parish,

who read a chapter to her almost every day. She would also, sometimes give a penny or two, as she could spare, to those who would not read to her without pay. By these means she became well acquainted with the New Testament, and could repeat many chapters without book ; and daily increasing in sacred knowledge, exhibited its influence in her life, till, when she was about twenty-two years of age, she was condemned for not believing the doctrine of transubstantiation, and burned at Derby, August 1, 1546.

TRANSLATIONS SUBSEQUENT TO CRANMER'S.

During Mary's reign, the Gospellers, as the Reformers were then called, fled abroad, and a new translation of the Scriptures into English appeared at Geneva, of which the New Testament was published in 1557. This is the first New Testament in English, with the distinction of verses by numerical figures.

When Elizabeth acceded to the throne in 1558, she was indirectly requested, at her coronation, to countenance a translation, the Bible being presented to her in the procession, which she accepted with great appearance of gratitude and veneration ; and the bishops were soon afterwards appointed to prepare a translation.

In 1560 the *whole* Bible, in quarto, was printed at Geneva by Rowland Harte—some of the English refugees continuing in that city solely for this purpose.

An act of parliament was passed in England for a translation of the Bible in Welsh, of which the New Testament was printed in 1567; the whole Bible appeared in 1588.

In 1568 Archbishop Parker's English translation appeared; this is called the Bishop's Bible.

The Roman Catholic Rhemish Testament was published in 1582. Their Douay Old Testament appeared in two quarto volumes; the former in 1609, and the other in 1610. “Nor were they ashamed to confess, that we forced them to translate the Scriptures into English against their wills.”

KING JAMES' TRANSLATION, OR THE PRESENT RECEIVED VERSION.

In 1604, King James I., in consequence of a request made by Dr. Reynolds, the head of the Non-conformist party, at a conference held at Hampton Court in 1603, appointed fifty-four learned persons, chosen from both universities, to make a new and more correct translation. Seven of these probably either declined the work from diffidence, or were prevented engaging in it by death,

as only forty-seven appear in the list of translators. The translation was begun in 1607, and completed in 1611. Seven of the translators were created bishops in a few years. “Blessed be they, and most honored be their name, that break the ice and give the first onset upon that which helpeth forward to the saving of souls.”

Thus, after the lapse of almost one hundred years from the first appearance of the English printed Scriptures by the labors of Tyndal, we are come to the present authorized version, of which it has been remarked, that “it is the birth-right of our numerous population, and has proved the means of knowledge, holiness, and joy to millions; and we trust it is destined, for ages yet to come, to be the glory of the rich, and the inheritance of the poor—the guide to the way-worn pilgrim, and the messenger of peace to many a dying sinner.”

REFLECTIONS.

I. *How thankful should we be for this unspeakable gift.* But, as Tyndal said, “Thoughe a man hadde a precyous jewel, and a ryche, yet yf he wist not the value thereof, nor wherfore it served, he were neyther the better nor rycher of a strawe.”

Millions of the inhabitants of this country, in the ages of popish darkness, died without the sight of a Bible. “Translation it is that openeth the window to let in the light; that breaketh the shell, that we may eat the kernel; that putteth aside the curtain, that we may look into the most holy place; that moveth the cover of the well, that we may come by the water, even as Jacob rolled away the stone from the mouth of the well, by which means the flocks of Laban were watered.”* The present age may be denominated the age of Bibles. The efforts which are now making for the universal circulation of the Scriptures inspire all good men with hope and joy. Great opposition should be expected: and we rejoice with trembling, when we think of the awful weight of responsibility which must attach to those who are so highly privileged.

II. *We should inquire diligently whether we make the proper use of this holy book.* Let the reader examine himself.

1. The Bible was given, that we may form just conceptions of the object of worship. As I see the sun by its own light, do I in God’s light see God?

2. The Bible was given, that we may have before us the rule of duty. “He hath showed thee,

* Preface by King James’ translators.

O man, what is good." Micah 6 : 8. Does my conscience bear witness that this is my rule, not only in worship, but in buying and selling, and in every part of my conduct ?

3. The Bible was given, that perishing sinners, who deserve to perish, may learn the way of salvation. Jesus proclaims—may his words be translated speedily into all languages—"I am the way, and the truth, and the life ; no man cometh unto the Father, but by me." John 14 : 3. Am I walking in this way ? Have I seen and felt the necessity of his atoning sacrifice ? Is it the fountain in which I daily wash ? Is my conscience purified by the sprinkling of that blood ? Do I, renouncing every other hope, esteem his obedience and sufferings as the garments of salvation ? Zechariah 13 : 1 ; Hebrews 9 : 14 ; 12 : 24 ; Isaiah 61 : 10.

4. The Bible was given, that mourners may be comforted in this vale of tears. It is like the spring that Hagar saw in the wilderness. It has revived many who were ready to perish. Can I truly adopt the prophet's language ? "Thy words were found, and I did eat them , and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart." Jer. 15 : 16.

5. The Bible was given, that we may be stim-

ulated by the purest and brightest examples. Jas. 5:10; 1 Cor. 11:1; 1 Pet. 2:21. Are these the patterns I am daily copying; and, above all, do I set the Lord Jesus always before me?

6. The Bible was given to arm us against all our spiritual enemies. Am I daily using this sword of the Spirit? Or am I utterly a stranger to the word of God in this view of it?

7. The Bible was given to conduct us to the full enjoyment of the supreme good. Have I considered, that if this be the map of the road to the heavenly Canaan, I cannot travel securely and comfortably without it?

Read with *reverence*. For the contents are, in many places, profoundly mysterious. "I adore," said Tertullian, "the fulness of Scripture." "Men we are all," said Archbishop Parker, "and all that which we know is not the thousandth part of that we know not."

Read with *interest*, as if no one before you had read; or as a young man reads his father's last will and testament.

Read with *gratitude*. What shall we render to the Lord for a Bible inspired by the Holy Spirit—completed by slow degrees, at sundry times, from Moses the prophet to John the apostle, during the lapse of more than a thousand

years—preserved so long, while multitudes of ancient books are lost; translated into our language by learned and faithful men, with the hazard, if not the sacrifice of their own lives; printed with great labor and accuracy, and published for the benefit of the poor?

Read with *diligence*. Many read who do not *search* the Scriptures. We are required to imitate those who dig for hidden treasures. Proverbs 2:1-6. “Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly.” Colos. 3:16.

Read with *constancy*. We should value the word of God, as Job did, more than our necessary food which we eat every day. Job 23:12. The Bereans are commended for searching the Scriptures daily.

Read with *prayer*. “Open thou mine eyes,” said David, “that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law. I am a stranger in the earth; hide not thy commandments from me.” Psalm 119:18, 19.

Finally, read with a *practical purpose*. Not merely for speculation, amusement, or debate, but that you may have a lantern to your path; that you may cleanse your way; that you may be furnished for every good word and work. Thus the encouraging oracle speaks: “To him that ordereth

his conversation aright, will I show the salvation of God." Psalm 50 : 23.

III. *How zealous should we be to promote the knowledge of this blessed book among our fellow-sinners, to the utmost of our ability and opportunity.*

1. It is a book that speaks to all men through the world. "He that is ignorant," says Cranmer, "shall find there what he should learn. He that is a perverse sinner, shall there find what should make him tremble for fear. He that laboreth to serve God, shall find there his glory and the promises of eternal life, exhorting him more diligently to labor. Herein may princes learn how to govern their subjects—subjects, obedience to their princes. Husbands, how they should behave them unto their wives, how to educate their children and servants; and contrary, the wives, children, and servants may know their duty to their husbands, parents, and masters. Here may all manner of persons, men, women, young, old, learned, unlearned, rich, poor, priests, laymen, lords, ladies, officers, tenants, and mean men, virgins, wives, widows, lawyers, merchants, artificers, husbandmen, and all manner of persons, of what estate or condition soever—they may here, in this book, learn all things which they ought to believe. what

they ought to do, and what they should not do, as well concerning Almighty God, as also concerning themselves and all others."

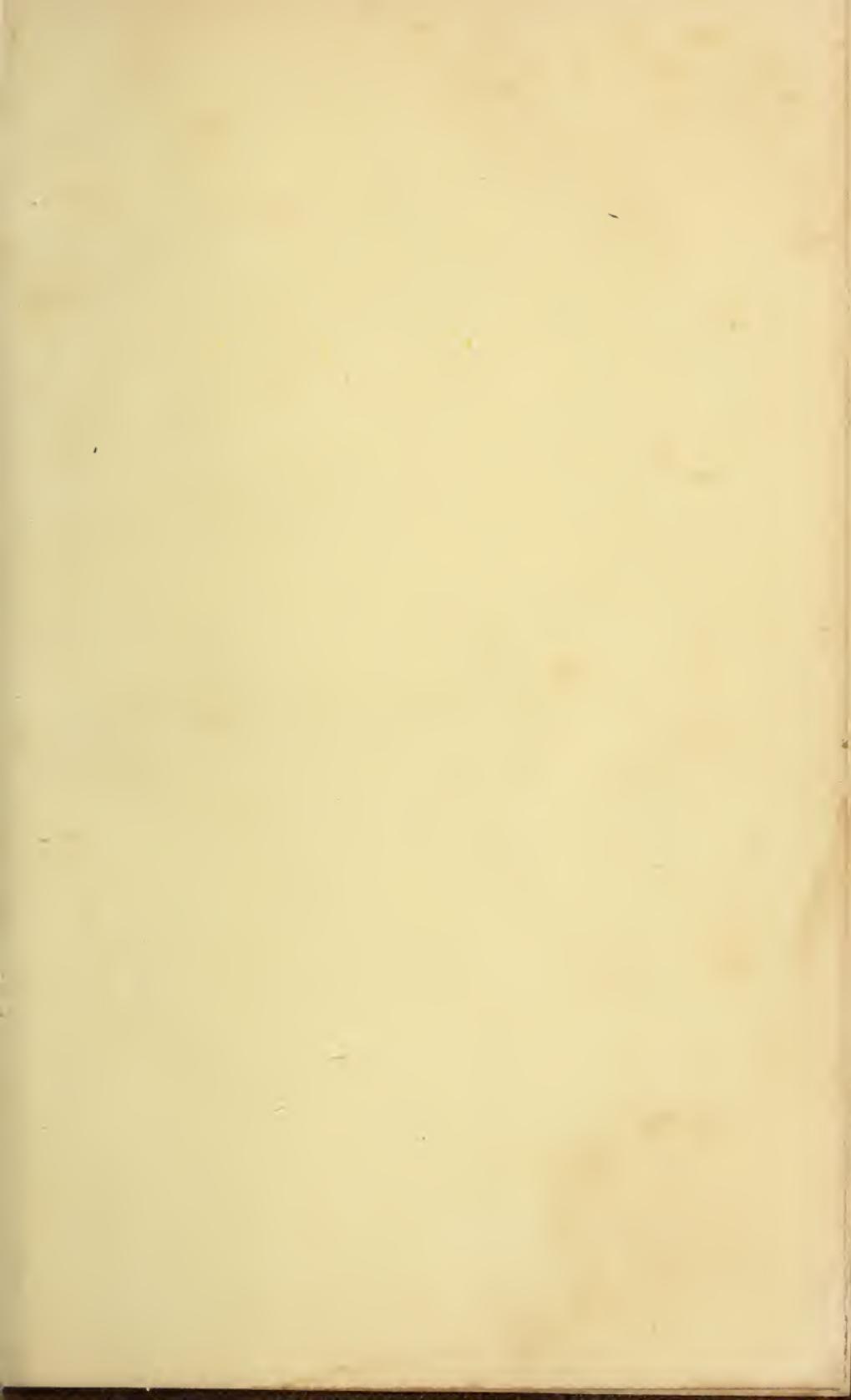
2. Multitudes of our fellow-sinners are perishing for want of it. The plentiful benefits we have found will suffice for them also. Shall we not, then, publish the good news? - The four lepers at the gate of Samaria said, one to another, "We do not well; this day is a day of good tidings, and we hold our peace." 2 Kings, 7 : 9.

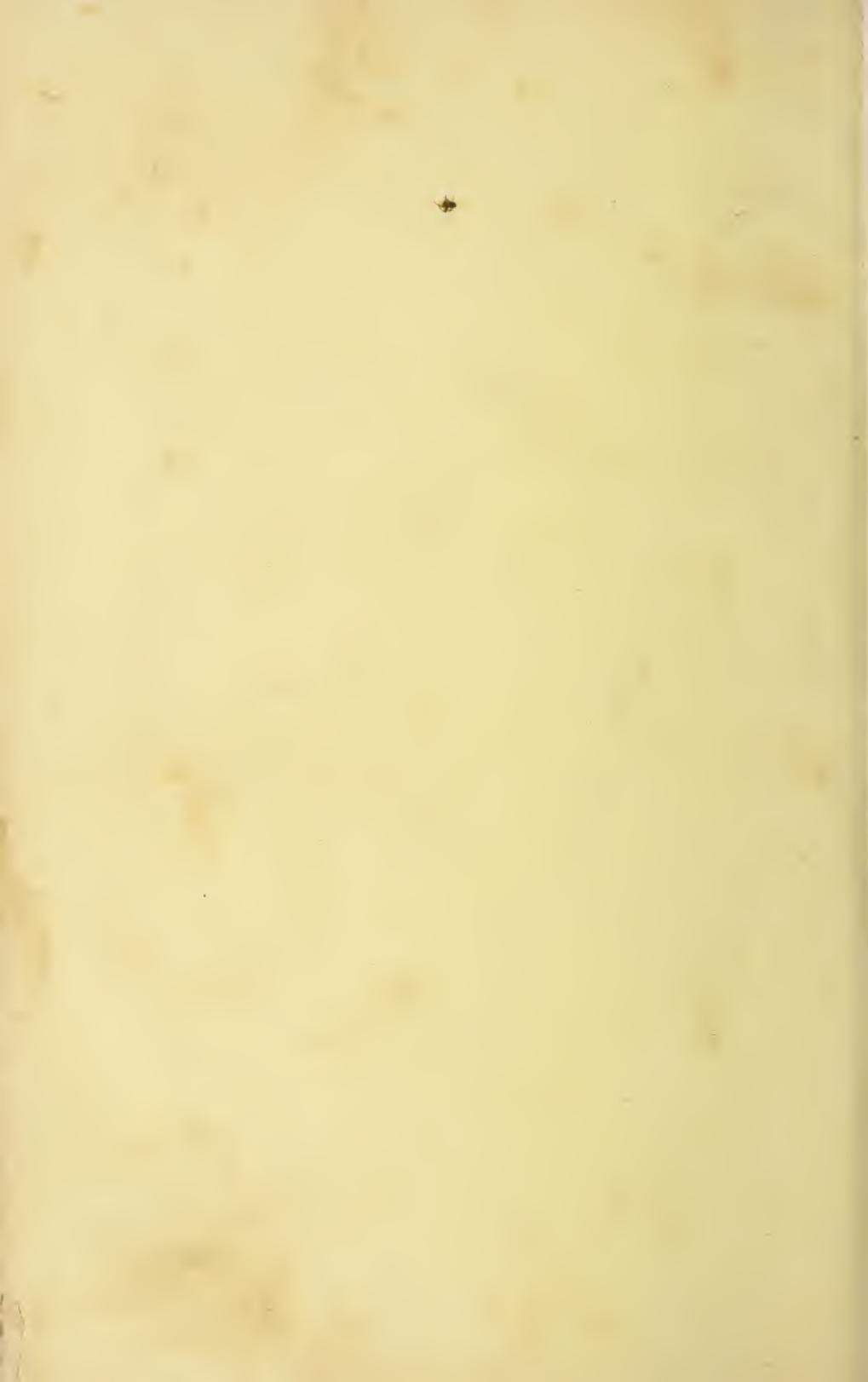
3. If in this cause we be supine, God will be angry, and our ingratitude will be punished with a severity proportioned to the aggravations of our guilt. Will not Jesus say again, "I tell you, that if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out?" Luke 19 : 40.

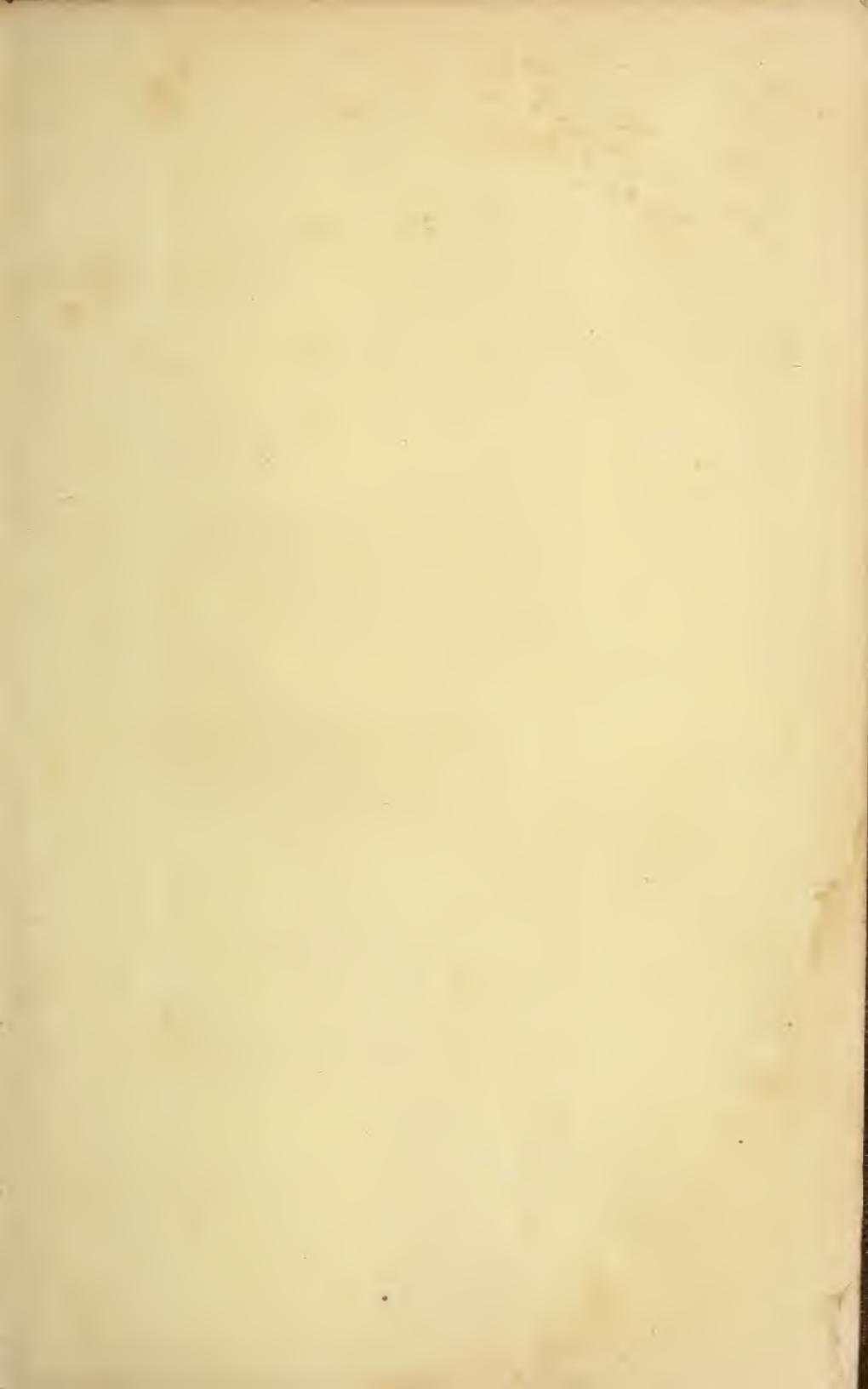
4. Let us often think, if Wickliffe and Tyndal and Luther and Cranmer were now living, and blest with our advantages, how they would bestir themselves in this good work. *They* would not rest till they had filled every street in every city with the light of these heavenly lamps. They would not rest till they saw the light spreading in all directions, so as to form one glorious blaze of illumination to the honor of God in this dark world.











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